

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

No. 2055

[Registered as a
Newspaper.]

SEPTEMBER 23, 1911

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THE EYE=WITNESS

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CONTENTS of No. 14. THURSDAY, Sept. 21st.

RECIPROCITY & EMPIRE.

COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.

THE POLICE.

OUT OF THE BAG.

STOLYPIN.

THE JEWISH QUESTION.—

III. The Present Position.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ONE

WHO DESPAIRS OF

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE RAILWAYS AND

COMPENSATION.

LOST DIARIES. By Maurice

Baring. IV. The Diary

of Froissart (Walker).

THE GREATNESS OF THE

MOMENT.—II.

BALLADES URBANE.—XIV.

The Ballade of Suicide. By

G. K. C.

TEN HOURS AT BLACK-

POOL. By Arnold Bennett.

OUR INTERVIEWER IN

ELYSIUM.

THE OGRE. By A.

MUSIC HALLS TO

MEASURE. By W. R.

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CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week 375	Fiction 385
The Passing of Summer 376	The Theatre..... 387
An Expedient 376	Music 388
Plymouth: Past 376	Sir Richard Burton—II. 389
The Place of the Illus- trator 378	"Treasure Island" as a Book for Boys 391
Golf and the Sabbath in Scotland 379	"Red Ruin and the 'Making' of the Laws" —II. 392
Irish Legislative Assem- blies: a Retrospect—I. 380	New Zealand Sketches ... 393
Reviews:—	Autumn Books: General 394
Talleyrand-Périgord ... 382	Photography..... 395
The Land of the Morn- ing Calm 383	Imperial and Foreign Affairs 395
Ancient International Law 384	Motoring and Aviation ... 396
Shorter Reviews 385	In the Temple of Mammon 398
	Books Received 399

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s.6d. a year, post-free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

THE ACADEMY is published by MESSRS. ODHAMS, LIMITED 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C., to whom all letters with reference to publication must be addressed.

Applications referring to Advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, 27, Chancery Lane.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE world of Russian politics has been shaken during the past week by the brutal assassination of M. Stolypin, Prime Minister of the Czar's dominions. Our correspondent at St. Petersburg will probably deal more fully with the causes and effects of this dastardly action in a later issue; meanwhile we wish to enter our protest against the exaggerated language used by a certain halfpenny paper in its comments upon the deceased statesman and what it is pleased to term "Stolypinism." Ignorance breeds intolerance, and to say that M. Stolypin "represents the evil genius of humanity," to say it under the cloak of a sanctimonious profession that "it is well to tell the truth even in the midst of a tragedy," is futile indeed. Such absurdities do no harm among people whose thoughts go below the surface of things; but since the paper in question probably circulates chiefly among those who are unwilling or unable to think deeply or logically, the words should not be passed over without reprimand. M. Stolypin was a man and a politician with definite views on the subject of what was best for his country, and it is in the worst possible taste, to say the least, to allow such statements as those to which we allude to attain the authority of print. We can only at the present moment express sympathy with the Russian Government in its loss, and reproduce the sensible words of another writer to the effect that "to the man who enabled the existing Russia to work during these essential years of recuperation, posterity may very well assign a high place in the world's gratitude."

B

The title of an article in the *Literary Digest* of New York for September 9th is "Scientific Management for Churches," and its text is the pronouncement of a Chicago Dean that the "philosophy of efficiency" can at least be tentatively applied to the working of religious bodies. Whether business methods—especially the business methods of the modern American—will lend themselves smoothly to operations which cannot well be governed by rule and measure is a debatable point. A man who is inefficient in his work can in ordinary commercial life be discharged; but how is the amount of good which a preacher or teacher does to be recognised? The efficient Church is not always the most popular one, and the man who does the most good is not the one who makes the most noise. In this connection it seems as though our friends across the Atlantic are waking up, for Mr. Pierpont Morgan and some of his colleagues have financed a new movement with the object of remedying the "deep general corruption" which, according to certain authorities, has gripped the United States during the last ten years. Five hundred "ministers of the new religion" were given a farewell banquet last Monday night.

These enthusiasts are to be divided into "teams of ten men, who will hold eight-day revivals in seventy-six cities of the United States." We have our doubts of these sudden spurts of fervour, but we shall look forward with interest to the proposed regeneration of New York, which begins on October 2nd. The weak point in the scheme appears to be the absence of the feminine element—the influence of the woman is to be entirely eliminated, the chief revivalist remarking that "there is no truth in this sentimental gush about woman's influence on man." That is precisely where he makes a mistake. From the very earliest times women have played notable parts in the history of great movements, and they show no inclination to sit down and fold their hands at the present day; but, apart from any question of "sentimental gush," women are specially suited for success in matters where suggestion rather than domination is the driving force. And, in religious affairs particularly, the principal note is not that of harsh compulsion, but rather the gentler one of unobtrusive persuasion.

Mr. Wells has republished the best of his short stories in a cheap edition with Messrs. Nelson, and has written an introduction to the book dealing with the short stories which began to flourish in England in the 'nineties. He talks of Kipling, Barrie, Stevenson, and Frank Harris, and the list seems right enough, except that perhaps Stevenson has hardly any right to be reckoned among masters of the short story. But this is not the view of the *Athenæum*. The *Athenæum* critic falls foul of the inclusion of Mr. Frank Harris's name, and has the bad taste to talk of "vulgarisation" and "popular taste," as if Mr. Frank Harris's stories were on a lower level than those of Mr. Kipling. Now, "Montes" and "The Modern Idyll," two of his stories, were translated when they first appeared, and were published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, under the editorship of M. Brunetière. This alone should have taught the critic of the *Athenæum* that, whether he likes them or not, the stories are in the front rank of literary craftsmanship. Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is among the ablest story-writers of this time, has declared that "Montes" is the best short story in English, and George Meredith held the same view. Under these circumstances Mr. Frank Harris can treat the condemnation of the *Athenæum* critic with the same cheerful disdain which he showed recently to the puritanical condemnation of the *Spectator*.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

So it is done, thy reign of golden hours,
 The transient dream of thy enchanted sway!
 We stand regretful 'mid the drooping flowers,
 And watch thee fade along the sapphire way.
 Does it avail us now that well we knew
 Time must for thy sweet government grow late?
 Sadly thy irised robes melt from our view
 Where white cloud-pylons guard the Western Gate.
 Yet in thy passing bind about thy brow
 One fragrant chaplet as remembrancer:
 For our leal tribute, lo! the laurel bough,
 And for our grateful memories, lavender.
 So in thine exile thy dominion keep;
 We, who awhile must grace the usurper's train,
 Have store of golden dreams to lighten sleep.
 We but await thee. Thou wilt come again?

PHIL. J. FISHER.

AN EXPEDIENT

WE note with chastened pleasure that the Home Office has issued a circular launching a new measure of extreme importance on lines which, in the main, we see no reason to quarrel with. The Duke of Bedford and following him others have foreshadowed the necessity of such a movement as that to which the Home Secretary now lends his sanction. There can be no doubt that a force such as that which Mr. Churchill advocates would be a real safeguard in certain eventualities in piping days of domestic peace, which it seems we are to know no longer.

We might continue work in our industries, in time of external war, with confidence and complacency if we knew that we had a Territorial Army equal to the function of adequately protecting our shores against possible misfeasance or defeasance on the part of our fleets. We shall deal in a few weeks authoritatively on that subject. However far the Territorial system—good in outline—may fall short of military necessities, it is obvious that it is immensely strengthened by the voluntary movement, the Veteran—now called the National—Reserve. The Boy-Scouts who are so devoted to Lord Kitchener, and to whom he is so devoted, are another undoubted element of strength when the trouble is from without, and the same may be said of the Church Lads' Brigade and the Boys' Brigade.

Purely patriotic movements such as these are the breath of modern life, and supply the stimulus of hope when many features of the times are distinctly depressing—if not revolting.

The Home Secretary's scheme is the apex of much which voluntary effort has suggested, and—in so far as it is not a concession to panic—it is wholly to be commended.

The formation and objects of the contemplated special police force as set forth in the Home Office memorandum, which we do not hesitate to say in lucidity and directness is masterly, must appeal to all loyal and patriotic men. It recognises a change in the view of social problems the cause of which wise men do not waste their time in seeking to discover, but which they frankly admit exists.

To find a remedy suitable to the times is the task of a statesman, and Mr. Churchill, whom we have previously blamed not a little and have also sometimes praised, deserves, on this occasion, full recognition of a well-considered and statesmanlike proposal.

The danger of course which suggests itself is that the proposal is prompted by the desire of running away from

the necessity for the employment of military force in phenomenal civil commotion. If that is the underlying motive a departure otherwise entirely commendable, should be condemned. The measures shadowed forth in the Home Office Circular would undoubtedly in many cases nip disorder in the bud, and in many other cases effectually deal with it in early and momentous stages. They would also be of the highest value in the time of war.

We own we do not like the passage:

In Mr. Churchill's opinion it is the duty of all police authorities to make arrangements in advance whereby the force under their control can on occasion be rapidly supplemented so as to be able to cope with sudden calls for extra police duty without dependence on military aid or assistance from neighbouring forces, which in certain instances it may not be possible to obtain.

It is impossible to quarrel with the wording, but with numerous unedifying examples of weakness at the Home Office fresh in memory, it is easy to observe that an invertebrate Secretary of State might view them as creating an agapemone of sloth and dereliction.

It must be clearly understood that measures which may, and we think will, be useful in often obviating the necessity of calling in the military arm, must not be allowed for one moment to interfere with recourse to such action when and where it is seen to be necessary. So long as human nature remains what it is, force and force alone is the ultimate remedy for vicious and unbridled violence.

CECIL CROWPER.

PLYMOUTH: PAST

By WILFRID L. RANDELL

Upon the British coast, what ship yet ever came
 That not of Plymouth heares? where those brave Navies lie
 From cannons' thund'ring throats that all the world defie?

—DRAYTON.

It is not given to all towns to play a memorable part in the history of their country, however much they may become celebrated in the annals of county or provincial affairs. The exploits of local magnates and heroes may be as fine as you please, may be even worthy of immortality gained by song or epic; but unless they bear some demonstrable relation to the fortunes of the land, they are often doomed to a fame-radius of perhaps fifty or sixty miles.

From very early times the port of Plymouth, or "Sutton," as it was named in the Domesday Book, was acquainted with wars and rumours of wars, though no specifically national event dowered it then with laurels. It was "well known to the Armorican Britons as the Hamoaze in the troublous times that followed the departure of the Romans," writes Mr. R. N. Worth, the author of the finest extant history of the borough, and the names of Sutton and the Hamoaze still distinguish its commercial and naval side at the present day. In the year 1287 Plymouth was the gathering-place of a fleet of over three hundred ships, and in 1377 it ranked as the fourth town of the kingdom. Little items of very human significance are on record which bring the men of those days vividly before our eyes; here is one concerning Mr. John Facey, an excitable gentleman who was Mayor of the town in 1446. He lost his temper most regrettably while sitting in judgment upon others, and "struck the Town Clerk, as he sat upon the Bench, for addressing him without giving him his title of 'Worship,' for which he was fain to compound with a good round sum; and he was called

'Worship Facey' ever after." He seems to have been rather a quaint character in his way, for it is recorded that he was "remarkably choleric, and would run the whole length of a street after the whorson boys, as he called them, who took delight in flouting him as he passed." And when in 1448 he was elected to the high office for the second time he ungraciously remarked to his friends that "they might as well have continued him the whole three years, and that would have saved the trouble of choosing him again."

Plymouth has memories that are well-nigh inexhaustible. In the days of Breton skirmishes and escapades—of which there were many—it must have presented a tempting morsel to the marauders from the French coast. Once, at any rate, the women of the town bravely joined in its defence: "Like Amazons, by hurling of flints and pebbles, and such-like artillery, [they] did greatly advance their husbands' and kinsfolks' victory." It has stories of Katharine of Arragon, of Edward the Black Prince, and of innumerable maritime adventurers. But for all time the name of the "Metropolis of the West" will be associated chiefly with two events inseparably bound up with the history of England and the history of the United States of America—the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and the sailing of the *Mayflower*.

Every schoolboy knows, thanks to the prose of history-books and the poetry of Macaulay, the principal facts relating to the wars with Spain and the sailing of "that great fleet invincible." According to one account, the Armada consisted of "132 sail of large ships, twenty caravels for conveying their artillery and stores, and ten small vessels of six oars each, having on board 8,766 sailors, 2,088 galley-slaves, 21,855 soldiers, and 3,165 pieces of cannon." Old tradition has it—and it were wise not to cast doubt on this story in the presence of a Plymouth man, lest evil befall you—that one Francis Drake and his merry comrades were enjoying a game of bowls on or near Plymouth Hoe, when news of the approach of this huge crescent-shaped fleet was brought by an alarmed merchantman. In the true manner of the hero—and heaven forbid that we should discount his heroism, whether this particular item be truth or fancy—the sailor replied that there was plenty of time to finish the game and thrash the Spaniards too. In song and story the battle has been commemorated, and once for all "bonnie Devon" took her place as the home of the sea kings and the county of gallant fighters. "The gentlemen of Devonshire," says the chronicler, "greatly exerted themselves by fitting out all the ships they could procure, and hastening to join the English fleet, where they behaved themselves with the greatest intrepidity;" and here we may briefly record once more that "among the Devon worthies who distinguished themselves on this glorious occasion were Sir Francis Drake, Sir Martin Frobisher, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Robert Carey, Knight, and Edward Falford, Esquire, then Sheriff for the County of Devon." Names with a fine flavour of the sea about them—names that ring in the ears and make the blood of a Devon man run more swiftly! For over two hundred years Plymouth celebrated the anniversary of the memorable day by ringing a peal of bells from the parish church; the custom, however, is now discontinued. The custom of playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe, on the other hand, seems likely to be perpetuated. In 1630 Westcote records that "the townsmen pass their time of leisure in walking, bowling, and other pleasant pastimes;" and at the present time the townsmen may be seen on any fine day philosophically watching the run of the balls on the level green which was opened a year or two ago.

In a much more peaceful manner did Plymouth link herself to English history on the other occasion to which we have alluded. During the early years of the seventeenth century "the severities used against the Nonconformists had

continued to increase," and many good people sought to transfer their energies to some clime less harsh upon personal convictions. This is no place to discuss the ethical aspect of a persecution for which in many cases Nonconformists had only themselves to thank; suffice it to say that in this particular instance the flight to Holland, the sailing thence, and the final departure from Plymouth made history, and moulded the destinies of at least one nation; vicariously, of course, of many.

On September 6th, 1620, the devoted band sailed from Plymouth Barbican in the *Mayflower*, a little vessel of 180 tons, not so large as some of the dockyard tugs which nowadays thrash up and down the wide Hamoaze. She carried on board 101 passengers, men, women, and children, and "after a voyage of sixty-three days" (compare this with the present five-day trip on a spacious liner) "they landed at that part of the American coast on which they founded the towns of Plymouth and Boston. Such was the foundation of the United States of America," says the old writer. Mr. Worth—alas, that faithful historians so often must shatter the crystal of romance!—coldly remarks that the place is called Plymouth in Smith's *First Account of New England*, 1616—four years before the arrival of the Pilgrims. Who was "Smith"? and why should he interfere with our settled conviction that our beloved English Plymouth stood godmother to the new Plymouth of the "American Coast"? Let him be treated with the ignominy so unpoetic a creature deserves. At any rate, he cannot destroy the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers of the *Mayflower* actually landed there; and as a day or two ago I stood upon the granite stone let into the causeway of Plymouth Barbican, whereon is cut the simple inscription, "*MAYFLOWER, 1620*," I thought of the manifold troubles of sickness and death, of hostile Indians and scanty food, which those brave settlers suffered in the New Plymouth over the seas. I thought, too, of the homeward sailing of the gallant *Mayflower*, so beautifully told by Longfellow in his solemn hexameters:—

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures, ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army. . .
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing.
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours. . . .
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at its coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains!
Beautiful on the sails of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure.
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower*,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert. . . .
Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the *Mayflower* sailed from the harbour,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the sand of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Thus, in peace and in war is the English Plymouth bound up with the history of her country. Of other expeditions, of Blake, of Cook, of Sir Richard Grenville, Lord Howard of Effingham, and a score of others there is no space to tell; but we may presently glance at the Plymouth of to-day, well versed in the arts of war and peace, fronting the wide blue bay with the shield of Dartmoor's hills behind.

* * Articles entitled "Plymouth: Present" and "Plymouth: Future" will follow.

THE PLACE OF THE ILLUSTRATOR

WHEN Mendelssohn received an offer of words to be written for his "Songs without Words," he replied that he had set his ideas to music alone precisely because no words could express them. An author, one would think, might fairly retort in the same kind upon the offer to illustrate his books. Look at it how you will, there is a certain impertinence in the offer, impertinence to the author and in only less degree to the reader. It argues a clumsiness in the one or a dullness in the other. It suggests that the author has chosen his subject ill, or that he is an unskilled craftsman—in sum, that he needs another's pencil to help out his phrases, or else it suggests that the reader is so blunt of imagination that he must have it continually whetted upon something harder than words. For the author it is his affair, a matter for his own conscience. He may be presumed to know best what the majority of his readers like, and if the illustration offends him he has the remedy in his hands. But the reader is in more difficult case. He can do nothing, unless he follow the spirited example of a certain fastidious student of fiction who, whenever he came upon an illustrated novel, first of all went through it backwards, thus taking the offending illustrations in the rear, and tore them all out.

Certainly the imaginative reader, he who does not remain outside the covers of a book, but goes right into its pages, who moves about among the characters, and lives in the illusion of the author, is a little shy of the illustrator's company. He considers him, indeed, rather an officious fellow, who will not let him have his author at first hand. For the illustrator is all the time at his elbow intruding with his own ideas. He is like the guide in the picture-gallery who is at pains to tell you what to admire. There is no more irritating experience for the imaginative reader than this, to have read a fair description, a fine landscape, or a scene upon a ship, to have arranged all the details, to have set the characters in their places, to have coloured the whole perhaps with touches out of his own experience, and then to turn a page and find the whole scene set down altogether differently in hard black and white. His own impression, in the nature of it a delicate thing, is smeared and blotched by this other which is thrust upon it, and he will never recover it again in its first freshness.

A wise author is always sparing in the physical details of his characters, their appearance, and stature. For he knows that readers have their own arbitrary rules in the matter, and that each after his own fancy associates certain qualities of body with certain qualities of mind. But the artist cannot observe the same delicate consideration. He must be for ever outraging the reader's sense of the physical fitness of things.

It is no small matter to have reached intimate terms with a character under the impression that he was clean shaven, and then suddenly to come upon an illustration which shows him with a beard. It is like hurrying into a room to meet a friend and then discovering a stranger of the same name. And the beard once there, one cannot easily divest the man of it. It has been set there by the artist; it enjoys, one may suppose, the sanction of the author; it has, as it were,

an official position and must be accepted. In many such ways as this is the sensitive reader tried by the intrusiveness of the illustrator.

Nor is this the only complaint we may make. Book illustrators are stepping further and further out of their proper province. They no longer make any pretence of serving their authors, but have set up in business for themselves, and dispose of other people's ideas. There is no monopoly in subjects. A man may give us a picture allegory of the French Revolution even though Carlyle has given us a poetic allegory. But let us have his own ideas upon the subject. If he illustrates Carlyle he is a mere purloiner of Carlyle's ideas. Let the book-illustrator come forth boldly as an original artist, and do his thinking for himself, or let him retire definitely to the humble position of commentator, which a draughtsman may fill as well as a writer. For if the illustrator has any moral right to step into a book at all it is as commentator. His illustrations are "notes" upon the text, and like notes should be put in their proper place at the end of the volume, where the reader may turn to them or not, as he requires. They may inform us to advantage upon historical matters, such as costume; they may help us out upon many points of ignorance. For there are authors whose fine writing is sometimes a little heavy with technical phrases; who revel in them out of sheer delight in their mastery of their subject. Here the illustrator may come to our aid. He may do all this without intruding upon the privacy of a reader's own impressions.

Or if his ambitions go beyond that he may set up as a critic. There is no reason in the world why we should not have essays upon books in pictures as well as in words. Very pleasant essays they might be made, too, and of some critical value. But they must be kept apart from the work they criticise. To put them with it is as unwarrantable an act as Croker's in incorporating portions of Sir John Hawkins, and Mrs. Thrale, and Mr. Murphy, not to mention himself, with the text of his edition of Boswell.

There is no author who is such attractive prey to the undiscerning illustrator as Dickens; superficially he is the easiest to illustrate. He describes with a profusion of detail which appears to leave nothing to the imagination. We know Sam Weller's famous suit to the last button. So Dickens has dugged a pit for his illustrators, and into it they continue blithely to tumble; in reality he defies their best-intentioned efforts. He is a man of many moods. His feelings towards his characters change and change about; he passes from farce to serious sentiment with disconcerting ease.

Why do illustrators fasten so readily upon Pickwick? One must suppose because where all are hard to illustrate he is the hardest. For there Dickens' change of moods is gradual but complete. The Mr. Pickwick of the first chapter is not the Mr. Pickwick of the last. They are no more than distant relations. Mr. Winkle with the gun or the skates is not the Mr. Winkle who knelt beside the young lady of the fur-topped boots in the Fleet prison. The one is a figure in the broadest farcical style, the other rises almost to the proportions of a romantic hero. Now, if some artist of critical sense who really understood Dickens would criticise this mobility of sentiment by giving us a series of illustrations showing the change, he might produce a very curious and interesting work.

Nor even, tyrannical as the idea may appear, should it be permitted to an author to illustrate his own books. He may escape, it is true, the grosser sins of carelessness; but he may be led into a carelessness of his own, tempted perhaps to slovenly writing because he knows that his pencil may correct the faults and omissions of his pen. But whether or not the author be his own illustrator, the chief objection still remains this—that the illustration fixes what should be left with a certain indefiniteness. Even in

the most precise imaginative writing there is a latitude of interpretation.

The imaginative work which is not purely satirical, but has touches of satire in it, is the most dangerous to lay open to the invasion of the illustrator. The pen has a great superiority over the pencil as an instrument of satire. For upon what is superficially ridiculous, the little tricks of appearance and dress, the pen can touch gently and humorously, but the pencil seizes upon them, exposes them brutally, and exaggerates them out of all importance. Yet, as, for example, in Thackeray's sketches, it is in satirical work of the lighter order, which does not strike very deep and is designed only to raise a jolly laugh, that the artist, if anywhere, may have a free hand.

When we come to the case of the artist who has turned author we are posed with a more delicate problem. It may seem overbold to suggest that "Trilby" is no exception to the rule. Yet to do this is no slight upon an indubitably fine artist. In the earlier chapters, where he touches real greatness, Du Maurier is for the moment finer as author than as artist. Trilby herself may well outlive, indeed already she has outlived, the Du Maurier woman. Her history may be studied and her character admired by generations which will see no beauty in the stern figure and heavy features of the woman Du Maurier loved to draw, and which will find themselves hindered in understanding her charm when they have to associate it with such physical qualities. When that generation comes the illustrations will keep only an historical value, and their place will be the appendix.

Trilby, then, is no exception, but there is one class of book which must be excepted. Children's books present an entirely different problem, and must have their own rules. The imagination of the child is of quite different quality from the imagination of the man. It is stimulated by things, not words. A child can make a Spanish galleon out of a horsehair sofa, or a well-equipped, fast-moving locomotive out of a sewing-machine, with an ease which his elders may well envy. But he enjoys his fairy-story all the more if he has the princess and the dragon before him in black and white. There is a single rule—consistently ignored, as it seems to me, by most modern illustrators—which should direct the pictures in children's books. It rests upon quite a simple psychological fact. The child does not admit the word "unnatural" to its vocabulary at all; he hardly understands the meaning even of the word "strange." He is setting out upon the adventure of life with a tranquil and open mind. He is still untrammelled by experience; he does not, after the conceited fashion of men and women, try every new discovery upon that fragile touchstone. Sometimes in dreams you may recapture this glorious equanimity in the presence of strange adventures.

To the child there is nothing strange, nothing "unrabbit-like," as it were, in the behaviour of the White Rabbit in "Alice." It does not occur to the child—unless indeed his imagination has been limited and his tranquillity destroyed by the study of the "natural history" of rabbits—that rabbits do not, as a rule, do and say such things. His instinctive belief in their naturalness is in no way shaken by the fact that they lie beyond his own experience. But the modern illustrator—an unhappy man who has studied natural history—is oppressed by a certain strangeness in the White Rabbit's conduct. The White Rabbit is not as other rabbits are; and so he draws him grotesquely to mark the distinction, forgetting that it is a distinction which no child would make. It was the great achievement of Tenniel, with his understanding mind, that he made the White Rabbit exactly like any other white rabbit. And he made Alice like any other little girl, because he knew that every little girl would read those epic adventures with the knowledge that they might happen to herself any day of the week.

GOLF AND THE SABBATH IN SCOTLAND

GOLF

ALL real lovers of the royal and ancient game should play it at North Berwick. The air is the most perfect in Great Britain, the surroundings are lovely, and on that narrow strip of common which man's ingenuity has made into a golf-course are to be found the most noted in the world of fashion, politics, and sport. To stay at North Berwick in the month of September is just like being in London during the height of the season, for many who have never handled a golf-club in their lives drift up there and meander over the links or walk round with their friends, thus adding to the outrageous crush which already exists. The marvel is that many are not killed or injured by the golf-balls which, like round shot in the battles of one hundred years ago, are plunging everywhere, from front and behind, from north, south, east, and east, whilst all too frequent slices and pulls render even those spots which are supposed to be out of the line of fire absolutely unsafe. But no one seems to care, and no one ever seems to get killed; the course is fashionable, every one meets friends there, they all have a good time in the evenings, no one is hopelessly bored, and for these reasons the North Berwick links are regarded by many as the most perfect in the world. As a matter of sober fact, it would be difficult to find worse. They merely consist of a narrow strip of turf running along the seashore, and on this a Scotsman's frugal ingenuity has managed to lay out eighteen holes, a few of which are excellent, some moderate, and the majority distinctly bad. So many couples play on the course, that you are lucky if you get off inside an hour. You make your initial shot, and then there is a long interregnum before you can make your next, for the couple ahead of you are occupying the tee and laboriously trying to wriggle the ball in the hole. Now they are off, and your caddie informs you that you can play, when a couple cross your line of fire and take not the slightest notice of your frantic shouts of "Fore."

It must be understood that North Berwick, in addition to its other disappointments, is a public common, and all the townspeople have a right to stroll over it at will. Having passed out of range, you again settle to make your deadly approach, when a ball whistles by your head and falls plump on the ground within a few yards just as a little reminder that you are delaying the couple behind. By this time your nerve is somewhat shattered, and your approach is hopelessly awry. Whilst putting on the greens, balls are flying all around you—for the first green and the eighteen are situated on the same plateau, and all ill-aimed shots seem to come in your direction. But of all the nerve-trying experiences, driving off at the second hole is the worst. Here those who are approaching from the first hole have to land their balls directly over your head; while those who are approaching the eighteen green have also to land their balls over your head in front of you. You can take your choice whether you prefer to be hit on the back of the head or in the face, because there are countless couples who will accommodate you either way. Meanwhile, with the cannons blazing forth, and the air alive with hoarse cries of "Fore," you are expected to drive your own ball down a narrow strip of turf, with the sea-shore waiting for you on one side, and many perambulators full of ruddy-faced, healthy children on the other. If you slice your ball, you go into the sea; if you pull it, you enter a perambulator; and in either case you will probably intercept an approach-shot coming from before or behind.

The third hole is even more dangerous than the second,

for here the strip of turf is at its narrowest, and the outgoers have to pass the home-comers. It is terrible work standing there to make a drive and seeing an obvious amateur on the green opposite about to do the same. If he drives perfectly straight, why then his ball will just pass you on one side; but that deadly slice! You know it is coming, and sure enough up goes his club—swish!—it has hit the ball, and a frantic shriek of "Fore" sets every one in the neighbourhood dancing round. The ball whistles by you like a pompom-shell, and lands just behind you, and you thank your lucky stars that you are still alive. From the fourth hole the course opens out, and you are safer; but coming home in the dusk, when the common is crowded, the real fun commences. You drive your ball in the semi-darkness through crowds of men, women, and children; you see them scatter like soldiers at the explosion of a shell, terrified, but determined to press forward to preserve their right of way over the common, or to die in the attempt. When you get in, you find you have taken just four hours to do eighteen holes, so frequent are the delays. But for all that, it is a grand game, golf, at North Berwick. It is fashionable, and if you are killed by a golf-ball it will probably be the misdirected shot of a Prime Minister, a Duchess, or a Prima Donna; so what does it matter?

THE SABBATH

Mr. Punch, when he wished to exemplify the characteristics of Scotland on a Sunday, drew a picture of a narrow street with the blinds down in all the cottages, not a pedestrian abroad, and in the centre, walking melancholy down the road, a single stranded cat, with its tail in the air and its back arched in sheer disgust. Now that is a very accurate picture of Scotland on the Sabbath. Everything is closed; every one goes about with a sanctimonious air in black clothes and white cravats. What a farce it is to attempt to keep up this colossal bluff of superior virtues over their sacrilegious neighbours across the Border. There ought to be a law passed to compel the Scots to come out of doors and show themselves on Sunday and to indulge in some healthy pursuit. The Seventh Day was designed according to the Scripture as a day of rest. What was meant was a day including harmless recreation and amusement; but Scotland resolutely refuses to adopt this correct construction, and prefers the rigid interpretation of John Knox. In this respect Scotland stands almost alone. In France Sunday is the day above all others devoted to amusement and recreation. The *petit bourgeois* takes his wife and family out to Versailles or Fontainebleau, or to the Louvre, or in the Bois. There they forget the toils of the week in the enjoyment of this one day of peace and pleasure, in pleasant intercourse with their friends. In Spain Sunday is also devoted to recreation and amusement, including bull-fights; in Germany the same, and so on throughout Europe.

The Sunday of England up to ten years ago was almost as painful as that of Scotland, but in this respect there has been a radical and wholesome change in recent years. There are so many more amusements open to the masses—so many concerts, so many excursions, so many municipal bands—that they have been dragged into enjoying themselves, with immense benefits to their health, both physically and mentally. In England Sunday is the day above all others devoted to golf—the one day in the week on which the weary City man and Government official can get away and spend a pleasant time on the links. Now golf is a Scottish game: it originated centuries ago in the Lowlands, and there are records showing that James I. played it. Therefore throughout the week the game flourishes in Scotland as it flourishes nowhere else, but on a Sunday the links are closed. You cannot have a game for love or money. The professional

locks up on Saturday night and disappears till Monday morning; the caddies disappear, and the players dare not even set foot on the links to knock the ball about and indulge in a little practice. I know of one links where you can play on a Sunday if you pay a sovereign green fee, and if you carry your own clubs, for to employ a caddie is against the law. In this instance the Scot's commercial instincts have triumphed over his religious prejudices, and by paying a liberal toll to the local kirk the violation of the Sabbath is forgiven him. To have no healthy amusements in which to indulge must necessarily be very bad for the nation, more especially for the masses who toil during the week and who are in need of open air to revive their drooping energies.

How do they pass their time? On Saturday night a proportion of the population are inebriated, and carry home with them a supply of their favourite beverage to consume quietly on Sunday. Thus some of the significance of Mr. Punch's picture lay less in what one saw on the outside of the street—namely, deserted houses and the meandering cat—than on what was taking place within those closed blinds. And if we could lift the roofs of some of the pious cottages of Scotland at any time after kirk on the Sabbath, those who expect to find the head of the family reading the family Bible and giving interpretations of the Scriptures to his bairns would be grievously disappointed. The head of the family would be found absolutely "fou the noo," as Harry Lauder has it; and the bairns, instead of enjoying themselves under the blue sky in the fresh air, would be sitting round gazing on this unwholesome spectacle of the paterfamilias trying to drive away that terrible legacy of ennui left him by John Knox by too frequent libations in the natural beverage of his country.

AN ENGLISH VISITOR.

[We invite other views.—ED. THE ACADEMY.]

IRISH LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES: A RETROSPECT—I.

BY SIR CHARLES WALPOLE

WITH a Home Rule Bill on the horizon the old Irish Parliament becomes a matter of some historical interest. It signed its own death warrant after the Rebellion of 1798, when a Bill was passed through both Houses embodying certain resolutions, the first of which was "that a legislative union of the two kingdoms was desirable." This was the last Irish statute: the 40th of Geo. III., c. 38. It has been loosely stated that this legislation was accomplished by the creation of Peers, and has a bearing on the recent crisis.

There were eighteen additions made to the Upper House, but this was not done in order to carry the Bill, as there was never any doubt as to its passing the Lords. These peerages were given, together with six English peerages, and nineteen promotions in the Irish peerages, and two given to women with remainder to their heirs male, in order to secure the support of the Members for eighty-five pocket-boroughs, fifty-six of which were possessed by members of the Upper House. When the proprietors were compensated the sitting Members, if unwilling to vote as desired, were invited to accept the escheatorship of Munster, in order that they might be replaced by Members pledged to support the Bill. The strenuous efforts of the Viceroy and Lord Castlereagh were rewarded by the acquisition of a majority of

about sixty in the House of Commons, which consisted of 300 Members.

This Parliament, which extinguished itself more than a century ago, was, with one exception, a Home Rule Parliament as defined by Mr. Redmond—viz., "a Parliament freely elected with an executive responsible thereto." The exception was that Protestants only were eligible to sit therein, and vote at elections—every Roman Catholic having been absolutely disfranchised by the Act of 1 George II., c. 9.*

Home Rule had, in fact, been enjoyed for eighteen years—viz., since 1782—in which year the English Parliament repealed the Act of 6 Geo. I. and the Irish Parliament repealed Poynings' Act and the Act of 3 and 4 Philip and Mary, thereby converting a Parliament in shackles into a free and independent one.

After eighteen years of Home Rule came the rebellion of 1798, the massacres, the French landing at Killala Bay and Lough Swilly, and the reconquest of the island by General Lake and Lord Cornwallis with an army of 138,000 men. As a consequence of which the Treaty of Union followed.

The earlier history of the Irish Parliament is particularly interesting, as its growth was coincident with the gradual extension of the English influence over the country, and contracted and expanded as the power of the Crown or of the Irish chieftains waxed or waned. In the early days of the Norman Settlement it was a great Council of the Barons, the Prelates, and "the faithful," and towards the end of the thirteenth century Knights of the Shire and Burgesses from the Corporations were summoned by writ.

The Shireland consisted of the settled portions of Leinster and Munster only. The corporations were the walled cities and towns, such as Dublin, Wexford, Cork, and Drogheda. As the area controlled by the English of the Pale receded small towns were incorporated in the counties of Dublin, Louth, Kildare, and Meath in order to fill the places of the distant corporations, which were unable or unwilling to send up burgesses when summoned.

The sessions of the Parliament were few and far between and at the commencement of Henry VII.'s reign the Lord-Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings, muzzled it by compelling it to pass a statute which enacted that all legislation should be initiated by the King and the Irish Privy Council, approved by the Privy Council in England, and then presented to Parliament for registration. It was seldom summoned, unless it was required to pass Bills of attainder against rebels or Bills for the raising of revenue.

The old Shireland consisted of but twelve counties, constituted by King John—Dublin (including Wicklow), Meath (including Westmeath), Kildare, Louth, Carlow, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary.

When the fortunes of the Crown were at their lowest ebb the first four were the only ones in which the King's writ ran, but as the reconquest under the Tudors was effected, King's County and Queen's County were planted, and added to the shireland; Meath was divided into Meath and Westmeath, and Wicklow was created out of County Dublin. By the eleventh of Elizabeth Longford was defined, and from the nebulous County of Roscommon were carved the counties of Sligo and Leitrim. Connaught was divided into the counties of Mayo and Galway, and the Irish territory of Thomond was transferred from Munster to Connaught under the name of County Clare. The Ulster counties, though projected

by the Lord-Deputy, Sir John Perrot, were not defined until measures for the plantation of Ulster were well advanced.

At the death of Elizabeth there were five ancient cities—viz., Dublin, Kilkenny, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork. Three county boroughs—Drogheda, Carrickfergus, and Galway—and twenty-eight boroughs, which from time to time, and when circumstances permitted, had sent representatives to Parliament. Thus the then existing constituencies were composed of twenty-four counties (including "the Crosse," which was afterwards incorporated with Tipperary), and twenty-eight cities and boroughs, each returning two Knights of the Shire and two burgesses respectively.

The accession of James I. marks a new departure in the history of the Irish Parliament. During her long reign Elizabeth, at the cost of much life and treasure, had completely subjugated the chieftains of the North, the South, and the West. Munster had been "planted" after the crushing of the Desmond Rebellion. The great confederation engineered by the Northern Earls, Tyrconnel and Tyrone, had collapsed with the decisive victory at Kinsale. The whole country had been devastated by fire and sword, and the starving native Irish had been driven into the pathless bogs and mountains. The ceaseless warfare of one hundred years had ended in the complete conquest of the island. One curious feature of the struggle had been that what had commenced as a racial war had gradually assumed the character of a religious war. The Reformation in England had been applied to Ireland by its rulers, but had made no impression on the inhabitants. The abbeys had been suppressed, and much of the Church property had been confiscated by Henry, and the Bishops compelled to accept the Act of Supremacy. Elizabeth summoned a carefully selected Parliament, composed of representatives from ten counties only, and such boroughs as were under the influence of the Crown, and passed an Act of Uniformity. Those Bishops who refused to conform were superseded by Englishmen of the reformed faith, but the majority of the parish clergy remained in ignorance of what had taken place; while the Bible and Liturgy in English were unintelligible to the bulk of the people, who only spoke Irish. During the Desmond Rebellion the chieftains had obtained help, both in money and military contingents, from the King of Spain; the begging friars preached war upon the hillsides; a Papal nuncio and bands of Jesuits appeared in Munster and protested that the Papal Bull of excommunication against Elizabeth absolved the people from their allegiance—and so the Privy Council in Dublin gradually associated recusancy with rebellion, or at any rate with opposition to the Government.

On the death of Elizabeth the Recusants had great hopes that the old forms of religion would be restored, but James proceeded to enforce the penal clauses of the Act of Uniformity, and ordered all Jesuits and Romish priests to quit the country. The taking of the Oath of Supremacy was enforced on all officers, civil and military, and the penalty of twelve pence was exacted for not attending church on Sunday.

James next proceeded to establish English law in Ulster and to convert it into Shireland. The Ulster counties were formally constituted in accordance with Perrot's scheme, and the Ulster Earls, Tyrone and Tyrconnel, fearing that their ruin was intended, fled to the Continent and died in exile.

Everything was now ready for the thorough plantation of Ulster by English and Scottish "undertakers," which was effectually carried out in the most systematic fashion; and the next step was to summon a Parliament for the purpose of passing an Act of Attainder against Tyrone and Tyrconnel and of confirming the confiscation of the Northern Province. No Parliament had sat since 1586.

* It should not, however be forgotten that in this respect the Irish Parliament did not differ from the English Parliament, and was, in fact, somewhat more in advance, as an Emancipation Act was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1793, giving to Roman Catholics the franchise, whereas their co-religionists in England had to wait for thirty years before they were given either the franchise or the right to sit in Parliament.

REVIEWS

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD

Talleyrand the Man. By BERNARD DE LACOMBE. Translated by A. D'ALBERTI. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 15s. net.)

IN many ways this is a most unsatisfactory book. There certainly seems room for an adequate biography of Talleyrand in English—a biography, that is, as distinct from a book run up for the libraries—and we hoped at first, on seeing the title of it, that this was even such a book. In that we were disappointed not a little. Partly this is the fault of the translator rather than that of the author. The title "*Talleyrand the Man*" indicates an effort that aims highly, whereas M. de Lacombe's title, "*La Vie Privée de Talleyrand*," suggests its scope far more truly. Even here the volume fails of the true intimacy of Talleyrand's life.

The only value in learning "*la vie privée*" of any man is, surely, that we may discover thereby his personality, and unravel any perplexity that may attach to it. Now a very real perplexity attaches to Talleyrand. Carlyle was a man with a faculty for expressing perplexities aptly, and he failed not to give an ensample of his true quality when he came to Talleyrand. It was he who said that the great French diplomatist was "a man living in falsehood and on falsehood, yet not what you can call a false man." It is this phase of Talleyrand that we would like to see attacked in a way that it has not yet been to our knowledge. Such a solution would find its problem centred in three or four crises of his life. For instance, one would like to get behind Talleyrand's thoughts, at the Collège D'Harcourt, and prior to the Collège D'Harcourt, when he actually came to the moment driving his own career, and saw his younger brother pass him on his way to the hereditament that should have been his save for an unhappy accident. Particularly we should like to have had some inner details of his private life in the momentous days of 1789, when the States-General came to be called. That, we imagine, was the time which, if properly understood, would give the clue to the psychology of the man. What exactly were the mental happenings, as evidenced in his letters and intimacy of life, that led finally to his famous speech before that assembly? It was not the thing that was to be expected of the Bishop of Autun, nor do there seem indications of it to be found in the previous psychology of the man who held that post. Of course it is easy to explain all by a reference to his prophetic perspicuity in political affairs; but this is in a way worse than no answer, inasmuch as it assumes matters that demand elucidation. Similarly we would like a sight into the private life of Talleyrand at that other important moment of his career: after his return to Paris in 1796, and prior to his appointment to the position as Foreign Minister under the Directory; to say nothing of his mental processes at hearing of Napoleon's return from Elba; and subsequently during the Hundred Days.

In other words, it is impossible to know anything of authentic interest concerning "*la vie privée*" of such a man as Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord if his outer life at moments of public crisis be deleted from a biography, however fragmentary that biography be. And it is just such deletions that mar this present work. For instance, the first portion of this book begins at the moment of his danger at the hands of the Mountain, and his consequent flight from the country, with the result that his name in the end came to be included in the list of *émigrés*. That is, his

life is taken up subsequent to all those mental decisions and cogitations that gave it its final shape and destiny; and we are regaled with his friendships and hardships in London, first, and afterwards in America. Surely it should be evident that Talleyrand in London matters little, and that Talleyrand in America matters even less; whereas the Talleyrand of the years 1789-92 matters very considerably indeed. Talleyrand the Man is the Talleyrand of the States-General; while the Talleyrand of the years 1793-6 is the Talleyrand who wished chiefly to be a man. Similarly it is the astute politician of the years that lay between his arrival in Paris, 1795, and the announcement of Napoleon as First Consul for life, 1802, and as Emperor, 1804, of whose private life we are anxious to learn. But the first portion of the present narrative arrests itself at the very brink of these momentous years; and the second portion takes up the thread of interest from the year 1802, occupying itself with the episode with Madame Catherine Grand that led the First Consul in a sudden accession of diplomatic prudery to insist on her dismissal from Talleyrand's household or her final deposition there as Talleyrand's legal spouse. Not that it is uninteresting to read of this; it is certainly piquant. Yet even the piquancy does not avoid the mental irritation that comes from a constant thought that the interest arises not at all from the interest aroused by any aspect of Talleyrand the Man, or of "*la vraie vie privée*" of a great man, but only from a somewhat unholy pleasure in the interest of an intrigue. This is very clearly felt when the later stages are reached. For there Talleyrand is to be discovered not a little bored with the outworn fascinations of a lady whose charms had erstwhile been her livelihood, and who now bears his name as one more furnished with avoidupois than with charm, "whom Bonaparte had tied to her husband like a placard," as Châteaubriand declared.

Now it might happen to be very delightful to have these matters set out for our delectation or it might not. But, at any rate, in the interests of candour it is desirable that we should know where we are. Such details most emphatically do not reveal to us Talleyrand the Man, nor do they open to us his private life, except in a very subsidiary sense. Yet there is even a deeper fault in the volume. Those who have had occasion to read Pichot's "*Souvenirs Intimes sur M. De Talleyrand*" will know to what we refer. Monsieur de Lacombe is certainly profoundly convinced of the virtue of his subject (or, at least, he is so within the pages of this book, for there are hints not a few that his is, or seems to be, the zeal of the ready penman); and so the book is permeated with an unhappy unction. Indeed, there is much in it that turns the mind away from acceptance of its pleading inasmuch as there is always more than a suspicion that that pleading is of an especial nature. Now if the author were occupied with a full-length portrait of its subject, if the fullest of details were afforded as to that portion of his life that the reader must needs account as of the first moment, then pleading, however "special" it be, would fall into its place and function. That is to say, if the man be seen as one who is filling a considerable part in the history of his country, enthusiasms become a proper part of the scheme. But a zealous defence of a man who never once in the volume is to be discovered as participating in greatness wears not a little of that incongruity that lies so near to humour.

Miss D'Alberti's translation, apart from some strange infelicities, whose origin can be seen to arise in the course of the necessary transference of idiom, is on the whole very happy and pellucid. Moreover, as a book of chatty, inconsequential memoirs and irrelevancies that chance to lie around the life of a distinguished and perplexing personality, there is much in this volume that is entertaining and amusing.

Only it certainly does not complete its title, either in English or in the original, which hints a far more adequate (and, may we say, necessary?) study than either the scheme or the text supplies.

THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

The Story of Korea. By JOSEPH H. LONGFORD. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR JOSEPH LONGFORD, in "The Story of Old Japan," has written the very best book on the subject. In his latest work he has attempted to tell the story of Korea. If he has given us a somewhat less fascinating book, it is because the Land of the Rising Sun is of far more vital interest to Westerners generally than the Land of the Morning Calm. But he has told the story of perhaps the saddest country in the East with wonderful vividness and charm. There is something whimsical in the idea of an Irishman writing about Korea, and now and again Professor Longford shows a good deal of feeling and deep sympathy for the Koreans that probably had their origin in his own country.

Chosen, the Land of the Morning Calm, was the old name for Korea, and however poetical the phrase may be, it was nevertheless totally inapplicable to actual fact. Korea had but little calm, either in the morning or any other part of the day. In its early history it was a country divided against itself, and later on it was troubled with the invading armies of China and Japan, to say nothing of minor skirmishes with other countries. There is certainly a pathetic calm in Korea to-day, but it is the calm of a long-vanquished and persecuted nation. It now rests with Japan whether or not the Koreans rise from serfdom and regain something of that old hardihood that was at one time so prominent a feature of her northern men. Korea has failed because she has always misgoverned and been a prey to paralysing party disputes. Korea has failed because she has believed in the pernicious idea of standing still through the ages. Long ago she came under the glamour of the Chinese civilisation, and it haunts her people to this day. Korea has stood out for a crabbed and effete conservatism, good enough in the days of Confucius, but utterly useless when it came in touch with more progressive people. Japan borrowed from Korea what Korea had borrowed from China. It was because Japan went on borrowing from the West when she had exhausted all Korea and China could teach her that she eventually became, with the progressive stream of thought and action flowing vigorously through her, a world-power, while Korea remained a forlorn example of an almost stagnant country.

The Korean King was regarded as sacred. Professor Longford writes:—"If, by accident, he touched any one, the place where he did so became sacred and had to be distinguished by a red ribbon for ever afterwards. His countenance was never engraved on the coins of the realm, where it could be soiled by the touch of vulgar hands." The King was regarded as a semi-divinity, and when Kings are either regarded as divinities or semi-divinities we always find them associated with the worst kind of vice—weaklings surrounded by women and flatterers bent on dangerous intrigue. The Korean half-gods were certainly not a success, either morally or in any other way.

Our author's description of Korean women is infinitely pathetic. He writes:—

In her childhood and girlhood the Korean woman was and is the abject slave of her parents, in wifehood of her husband, in widowhood a pariah; and throughout all her

life a soul-destroying, monotonous imprisonment was only relieved by a very few hours' liberty in the streets when night had fallen and, as far as men were concerned, the pleasures and work of the day were over.

It seems incredible that people who profess to follow the gentle and humane teaching of the Lord Buddha should regard their women as of so little significance that they did not trouble to give them names, merely calling them the sister, daughter, or wife of the men in whose houses they lived. If a Korean woman had no male protector, she was regarded as a wandering dog, liable to be picked up by any man who had a momentary liking for her. On the wedding day the woman was not permitted to speak to her husband, "not even when both had retired to the nuptial chamber." Professor Longford writes:—

There, let the young husband be as gallant and amorous as he might, even heap compliments or questions on her, etiquette demanded that, seated in a corner of the room, she should remain dumb and immovable as a statue. The husband might disrobe her of her voluminous wedding garments: she could neither assist nor repel him, neither utter a word nor make a gesture.

Silence is certainly golden sometimes, but on such an occasion it is brutal and horrible. It was almost silence for the rest of the Korean woman's married life. All that was expected of her was to bring forth children, while her fickle husband had the utmost licence, and was in no way bound to conjugal fidelity. The Korean woman certainly did not deserve such contemptible treatment. The following historic incident shows that she had a sense of honour equal to that so frequently shown by the women of Japan:—

When the Silla Army approached the capital the King fled. . . . He left all the palace women behind him, and they, knowing what their fate would be at the hands of the Silla soldiery, went together to a beetling precipice . . . and cast themselves from the summit into the water beneath.

From that day to this the precipice was known as Nak-whaam, the "Precipice of the Falling Flowers."

The most interesting chapters are those devoted to Hideyoshi's invasion of Korea. The thrilling campaign lives again in these virile pages. We see Konishi, the Christian, and Kato, the ardent Buddhist, leading their armies under the direction of Hideyoshi, who remained in Japan, and was unable to lead in person owing to illness. We get a vivid account of the long Japanese marches, of the storming of castles, and of the nerve-racking guerilla warfare that followed. The naval battles connected with this invasion are particularly interesting, for we come across the Korean tortoise-boat, with its curved deck of iron plates. It was evidently the first ironclad in history.

Much space, perhaps too much, is given to missionary enterprise in Korea. We admire the bravery and zeal of the first Roman Catholic missionaries in that country, who suffered unspeakable torture, and laid down their lives for the cause they so devoutly stood for. At the same time there was much wrongheadedness. Nothing can excuse the awful Korean atrocities; but nevertheless their cruelty might have been restrained had the missionaries not so ruthlessly insisted upon the total abolishment of ancestral worship. Had they known it this very worship might have formed a foundation on which to build a reverence and kindness towards the living. The missionaries unknowingly attempted to crush the Korean spirit of love, however elemental it may have been. The result was a persecution attended by horrors no whit less terrible than those perpetrated by Nero himself. Now there is no need for missionaries to go about disguised as native mourners. Korea

abounds with representatives of every sect and schism of Christianity, each hammering out, to the confusion of the poor Korean, his particular religious note, always a strident note quite outside the harmony of the real essentials of religion. Some day, let us hope, the mission-field will be filled with reapers, broad enough and true enough to work for Christ without the weakening effect of sect and schism.

All through this book we watch China and Japan struggling to hold Korea. Japan had no sooner succeeded in convincing Korea that she alone could be her faithful guide, when Russia came like a thief in the night and established a military outpost at Wiju. It resulted in the Russo-Japanese War, and Korea became a Japanese experimental ground for social and political reform. The Japanese Government found so much hard and almost unworkable material that it pleaded that nothing short of annexation would enable it to deal successfully in course of time with a backward people, living in a country with excellent harbours and with possibly good agricultural and mineral prospects. In other words, Japan wanted interest on her money. How quietly the annexation took place! Japan has waited long for Korea. May she find it at last, not a turbulent and rebellious country, but in very deed the land of the Morning Calm. Korea in the past has contributed to the making of Japan's greatness in handing on the religion, art, and literature of China. Now it is Japan's turn to succour an impoverished country, and if the Morning Calm is united with the Rising Sun, there should be peace and prosperity in her new possession.

ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW

The International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome. By COLEMAN PHILLIPSON, LL.D., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

THIS comprehensive work is an elaborate and exhaustive study of the legal systems of Greece and Rome, with the special object of determining how far these States may be considered to have possessed any definitive codes, or body of international law at all approximating to our modern notions. This difficult theme is not altogether a new one, having already been treated chiefly by various French and German scholars, notably Laurent and Mommsen. But since their day "a larger mass of material, in the form of epigraphic and other historical documents, has become available; and, what is of cardinal importance, a more scientific method is, in consequence, demanded of investigators." Laurent's work was far from being scientific. Hitherto only two or three English writers have essayed this inquiry from a strictly juridical point of view and investigation. Dr. Phillipson has spared no labour in his deep researches into classical writings and inscriptions, as well as in the great field of modern writers. The bibliography of works referred to occupies no less than six-and-twenty pages. This does not mean, we need hardly say, that these volumes are lacking in original work. In such work, on the contrary, lies their conspicuous merit. As Sir John Macdonell justly says in his introductory note, "These volumes give that which is to be found nowhere else . . . and they will help to dispel the fiction . . . that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a group of writers, notably Albericus, Gentilis, and Grotius, 'founded' international law."

Dr. Phillipson begins with an examination of the Greek City-State system, pointing out that although we may apply the term *intermunicipal* law to the mutual relationships of

the Greek States, such law still possesses a definitive international character. This position, we consider, he successfully maintains, in opposition to the earlier jurists. Also, there was a large body of law whose provisions were extended to the "barbarians" as well as to the Greeks, and, in the case of treaties the *ἑσπονδοί* were often beneficiaries as well as the *ἑσπονδοί*. Dr. Phillipson refutes the untenable views of Laurent, who did not consider established international usage as having the *dignité d'une science*; and of Guizot, who went so far as to say, "La force présidait seule à leurs rapports; le droit des gens n'existait pas." Dr. Phillipson brings an immense mass of overwhelming evidence to bear on the other side. It is not possible to praise too highly his critical scholarship in the examination of the great collections of Greek and Roman inscriptions from bronze or marble tablets, or his keen insight in the study of classical writers. To discuss or even to enumerate the questions investigated would be altogether beyond our limits, so wide is the field covered by Dr. Phillipson's patient industry. Diplomatic negotiations, treaties and alliances, questions of arbitration and intervention are recorded; also the position of aliens, of spies and hostages, the causes and declaration of war and points of neutrality. Nor are there wanting maritime provisions dealing with such matters as blockade, piracy, and treatment of the shipwrecked.

It would certainly seem impossible for great States or nations to have any relations or dealings with each other, whether in war or commerce, without some reference to their own peculiar law or custom. It would seem equally impossible that they could maintain any decent self-respect as civilised communities without recognising in some degree the existence of mutual rights. Such recognition would involve the development of the germ of international law. To trace this evolution into a definite body of established practice is the task which Dr. Phillipson has so admirably accomplished. He clearly demonstrates how unhistorical and unscientific is the view that the law of force was the only dispensation. This should be evident to any one who impartially studies the chapters on the *jus gentium* and Rome's foreign policy. While we cannot judge entirely and exclusively from the modern point of view nor expect a completely organised and scientific system, we are bound to admit that "Rome evolved and practised a large body of principles which have furnished the basis of international law for all time." Such matters as the institution of *hospitium publicum*, provisions for naturalisation, the practice of extradition, the immunity of Ambassadors, the regular procedure and formalities in the conclusion of treaties, the conception of protectorates, regulations as to asylum, safe-conducts, captured property, truces and armistices—all point to the development and recognition of a system of law for controlling international relationships without resort to *force majeure*. Here Dr. Phillipson directly controverts the dogmatic opinions of M. Revon, who said, "Le prétendu droit des gens des Romains n'est qu'une chimère."

There is an interesting chapter on the subject of envoys and ambassadors and the rise of diplomacy:—

From the earliest times the ambassador was looked upon as the personal representative of the king as well as of the people. Hence any offence against an envoy was an offence against the State, against the Sovereign Power . . . and injury to envoys or heralds was considered a deliberate infraction of the *jus gentium* . . . while punishment, for offences committed against foreign ambassadors was very severe.

It is in the working out of such important questions as this and of matters relating to extradition, hostages, negotiation, and treaties that Dr. Phillipson shows marked scientific

method and critical power in the development of his thesis on ancient international law.

The chapters on war in the second volume, as well as on international arbitration in Greece and Rome, may be cited as particular instances of his careful and minute treatment. Not only is this great work valuable as a unique contribution to the elucidation of an obscure branch of ancient law, but it is also a treatise of great importance to all students of classical history as an indispensable book of reference. We can only hope that the talented author may be able to fulfil the promise which he holds out in his preface, of preparing "further volumes on the development of international law in the Middle Ages and in modern times."

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Traveller's Study of Health and Empire. By FRANCIS FREMANTLE, County Medical Officer of Health. (John Onseley. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE author has described a tour of many parts of the world, undertaken to study questions of public health; as he has expert knowledge of this subject, and has further admirable descriptive powers and a broad-minded grasp of what he has seen, the account of his journey is most entertaining. He has attempted to make the work interesting, both to the scientific and the lay mind, and in our opinion he has met with great success. There is laid before us, amongst other things, a comparison of the scientifically organised system of the Japanese for combating cholera, dog-bite, &c., and the somewhat haphazard organisation in India; in the latter country, however, the working of the Pasteur Institute in particular appeals to us, for a comparatively small building with not over many workers does an inestimable service to a vast country. The prevention of plague is discussed at length, and it is shown what great efforts have been made in India to induce the natives to make use of the prophylactic produced by virtue of Haffnine's researches; all, however, with practically no avail, and, as actual compulsion seems out of the question, the state of things is disastrous.

Housing and town-planning are excellently dealt with in connection with Kuala Lumpur in the Malay States and Hong Kong. The various garden cities in England, the schemes carried out by Cadbury at Bournville, and by Krupp at Essen, are taken as examples of what may be done when sufficient power and funds are forthcoming, and the use to be made in this connection in stamping out such diseases as plague is pointed out.

We were struck in particular with the account of the practice in vogue at Kasauli of giving printed cards to patients who had undergone treatment for the bites of mad dogs, to be sent back in three months with an account of their health; another card is then sent, and so on, as long as necessary. The author has attempted to get this system adopted in London hospitals; we are of one opinion with him as to its use, for the results would be of vast service to the human race throughout the world.

What Will the Weather Be? The Amateur Forecaster's "Vade Mecum." By H. G. BUSK, F.R.Met.Soc. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Illustrated with Photographs and Diagrams. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 6d. net.)

THE topic of the weather is a never-failing source of conversation amongst the inhabitants of these islands, and it has

become the national idiosyncrasy which accompanies the Britisher into all climes. He may adapt himself more or less to the strange manners and customs of the most outlandish countries, but he will never relinquish what he considers his inalienable privilege—nay, right—to discuss the state of the weather, generally to rail against it. For this reason alone Mr. Busk's manual should become very popular as affording food for conversation when travelling either on sea or land, or refreshing the inner man. But it will naturally serve a far more useful purpose than this—that of enabling the non-scientific reader to forecast the weather by his own observations, assisted by the tables drawn up by the author, which are the result of some years' study of the climatic conditions prevailing simultaneously in various part of England. Mr. H. B. Stone's comprehensive Introduction fully explains the technical terms in use amongst meteorologists. Mr. Busk has evidently found the east wind as objectionable as most of us do, for he records—"Altogether forecasting during an easterly wind is unprofitable work." And it will probably be information to many to learn that "fine weather and bright sunshine do not always accompany a rising barometer and a north-east wind."

FICTION

REALITY AND FANTASY

The Early History of Jacob Stahl. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

The Hampdenshire Wonder. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

THE experienced novel-reader, taking up a book which purports to give the "early history" of a character, anticipates the usual story of calf-love, of slips into the waters of trouble due to immaturity and youthful reasoning, of wily women and crafty men. All these are to be found within the pages of "Jacob Stahl," but the manner of their presentation is so good and the hero is so very living a person that the general effect is far from conventional.

Stahl was lamed, and therefore handicapped in the race, when a child, and the account of the devoted labours of his aunt, by whose aid his wasted limbs were systematically exercised and finally restored to health, forms an interesting prelude to the wider activities of his business life. Architecture was decided upon for his profession—here we are reminded of one of Mr. Hardy's novels—and Jacob's first love-affair with that excitable little egotist, Madeline Felmersdale, occurs in the country town where he lives under his aunt's roof. It ends explosively when Madeline has done with him, and Jacob thinks his life is a wreck, of course. London, however, teaches him a great many things of which he had never dreamed, and from this point—his removal to the architect's office in Moorgate Street—the book, from being merely interesting, becomes enthralling. We need not recapitulate much more of the plot; Jacob, inflammable, sensitive, and nervous, blinded and thrilled, made a sad mess of his marriage with a scheming woman, and when he encounters his Madeline of the happy country days transformed into the wealthy and bewitching Lady Paignton, the inevitable happens. He loses his head, and Madeline, by no means in love with him, but eager for a new sensation, encourages him. We take leave of him, a sheer failure both in business and love, deserted by his wife, brooding and searching his heart for means to live. And as he determines to "learn to write" for a living we are particularly keen to know the later history of Jacob Stahl. If

Mr. Beresford will depict his career—for Stahl is still a young man—in the same illuminating way in a forthcoming volume, and will in addition make less use of the comma and more of the semi-colon, we shall number him among our chosen novelists whose work must on no account be missed.

By "The Hampdenshire Wonder" we are irresistibly reminded of Mr. H. G. Wells in one of his fantastic moods, although the idea of the story is decidedly original. The wise, grave child who is born into this world free from all inheritance of habit, and who is gifted with such extraordinary faculties that he learns a language as speedily as ordinary mortals might learn a page of history, evidently has possibilities. These possibilities are made the most of, up to a certain point, by the author. Young Victor Stott confutes all the learned men of the district, calmly ignores everybody, and is so uncanny that he drives his poor scared father from home. The ingenious turn of Mr. Beresford's art comes when the village idiot discovers a remarkable attraction for the freak child—almost an affinity. The sad part of the book is that the author shirks the further development of his problem and lets the child be drowned—apparently because he wearies of his theme. The whole notion is clever, and its working-out is at times amusing; but the book fails to convince the reader of any reality in the "Wonder." Other characters are excellently drawn. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Beresford should avoid abnormalities in future, since a conviction of actuality is the first necessity of success in such themes; hence, for instance, comes the spell of horror which Mr. Wells can cast over us in some of his short stories.

We prefer Mr. Beresford in his masterly study of ordinary people, whom we may meet any day in the street or in an office, which he has given us in "Jacob Stahl." There are in that book at least a dozen characters finely conceived, and splendidly drawn, with a restraint that should be an example to hundreds of would-be novelists. If the novels of the present year are arranged in order of merit "Jacob Stahl" must be placed very near the top of the list.

The Dangerous Age: Letters and Fragments from a Woman's Diary. By KARIN MICHAËLIS. With an Introduction by MARCEL PRÉVOST. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN an impressive introduction of 150 pages M. Marcel Prévost endeavours to arouse the reader's interest and enthusiasm for the letters and fragments of which Karin Michaëlis' diary consists. "It is," he says, "the most widely-read novel at the present moment" in Central Europe. Doubtless, it is a book which is bound to provoke a great deal of controversy. Elsie Lindtner, after twenty-two years of married life, is so dissatisfied with everything and everybody, including her husband, with whom she has never had an angry word, that she obtains a divorce and goes to live by herself in a house in the country, solitude being her only desire. From this retreat she writes letters of sympathy and condolence to her married friends over forty, all of whom are in the same restless condition as she is herself. As was to be expected, the quietness and peace of a country life soon pall on a woman of Elsie's disposition, and longing again for men's society she sends for Joergen Malthe, a man several years younger than herself, who once had a liking for her. He comes, but shows plainly that he does not want her, and as a last resort she turns to her husband, only to find that he is about to instal a girl of nineteen in the home which once was hers. Forsaken by all—for even her favourite maid deserts her—we leave the unhappy woman seeking to hide her shame and humiliation by taking a lonely trip round the world.

It is not for us to state that Elsie's experiences are

fictitious, or even exaggerated. Every woman, as many know to their cost, is possessed of "nerves," which may lead her to all kinds of excess if proper control is not exercised; but to take an individual case, and from that to assert that all women, as their years increase, either wish to abandon their homes or to embark upon one *liaison* after another, is to argue after the manner of a certain playwright with whom we had cause to remonstrate in these columns under the heading of "The Gospel of Exaggeration" not so many months ago. If what Karin Michaëlis says is true—namely, that "if men suspected what took place in a woman's life after forty they would avoid us like the plague, or knock us on the head like mad dogs"—we are forced to the conclusion that all women who outwardly appear happy and contented with their husbands and children are in reality no such thing, but all the time in a very great state of trepidation and misery. Even a mother's love is questioned. "Who has not," she says, "sometimes seen in the heart of mother . . . as by a lightning flash, an abyss which the profoundest love cannot bridge over." Very many, let us hope.

In most cases a healthy body produces a healthy mind, and with all due respect to the unhappy character of our story, and at the risk of being called callous as well as material-minded, we at the same time venture to suggest that the maladies of persons of Elsie's calibre are more physical than mental, and that probably by devoting a little less time to the thoughts of self and a little more activity to the comfort of those dependent on their services some slight degree of improvement might be noticeable. Besides, has our author no idea of the love between man and woman which many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown, which is not even enraged at "the trinkets on a husband's watch-chain" and which has existed and probably will continue to exist long after such books as "The Dangerous Age" have been read and forgotten?

Hodson's Voyage. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

STORIES of long sea-voyages, and of the fateful friendships which often result from the enforced intercourse of perfect strangers, have been many, and frequently their unreality results in boredom to the reader. Mr. Koebel, however, who is probably better known as a writer of volumes of travel than as a novelist, has given us in this book a most entertaining account of the complications which befell certain good people who were thrown together on board the liner *Pegoric*, en route to the Cape. Mindful of R. L. Stevenson's dictum that "the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit," the author endows his hero, who is a commercial traveller, with the attributes of a dreamer; in his hours of reverie Hodson "performed deeds of military valour before which the world paled in ecstasy." Having thus the martial air and possessing a handbag with the name of "Lieutenant Powerly" painted on it (how it came into his hands we need not explain here), nothing is more natural than that a little group of persons who knew of the real Powerly should cultivate Hodson's acquaintance under the misapprehension. From this moment the fun grows fast and furious, for poor Hodson, ambitious and weak, gives himself up to fate and sets out to have a good time. Amelia, his wife, left at home, "represented a line of severe prose dumped in the midst of a strophe of lilting verse;" she was soon forgotten, or remembered only as a vague shadow, and Hodson "continued the poem unconscious of her absence."

Pure justice demands that so lax a hero should incur punishment; and Hodson has by no means a rosy fortnight.

To tell the whole plot would be unfair; but he discovers that, as Powerly, he is engaged to be married to a girl who will meet him at Cape Town; as Hodson, he is naturally somewhat perturbed at the prospect. As Powerly, he is adored by a merchant who, with his family, worships a title; as Hodson, his business instinct impels him to take an order from the merchant, since he has samples of suitable character in the bag which is the source of all his troubles. The secret of this bag's contents we will not disclose—Hodson, however, was forced to do so, and the account of the subsequent scene is exceedingly laughter-moving. In fact there is laughter on most of the pages of Mr. Koebel's story. The characters are not drawn in detail, but they are thoroughly consistent, and some of the events on board—the sports competition, and Hodson's famous song in the saloon, for example—are excellently described. We noticed two or three misprints, such as "Diogenese" and "denouement," but these are small things to set against a story which contains so much healthy amusement and clever observation.

THE THEATRE

"UNWISE HUSBANDS AND UNWORTHY WIVES"

THE London stage is always all the better for the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Alfred Sutro. Both dramatists have contributed interesting and even memorable pieces to the Theatre, and both have not been represented in London for a considerable time. It is curious and a little amusing that both should have broken silence this season with plays whose themes are identical. The marriage problem has furnished playwrights with plots since prehistoric persons discovered that money was to be made by providing entertainment to the members of their community during the long evenings. So long as there are men and women on earth the question of their relations must continue to give writers subjects for their pens, and during our own time it is inevitable that we shall find upon the stage many new variations of this perennial matter. In dealing with the marriage problem, it used to be the fashion to concoct plays round two men and a woman. Ibsen started the fashion of building up his plots round a man, a woman, and a cause, and both Mr. Jones and Mr. Sutro have contented themselves with making a variation of the Ibsen prescription.

While the London stage remains in the hands of persons who regard their supporters as the most unintelligent percentage of the population, it is quite impossible for a dramatist to contribute to the theatre a play dealing with one of the most serious of our problems seriously. Realising this, Mr. Jones and Mr. Sutro have been forced to tackle the problem from a farcical point of view. Both set out to show how tragic the lives of men can be rendered by the actions of their wives, and both suddenly pull themselves up, turn truth into mere theatricality, and leave the problem unsolved. The result is that Mr. Jones in "The Ogre" at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Sutro in "The Perplexed Husband" at Wyndham's, send us into the street filled with pity for the men who have kissed their wives again with tears, and both, in their eagerness to fulfil the mistaken desires of their managers and bring down the curtain upon a happy ending, have convinced us that their apparently reunited husbands and wives must be more unhappy after reconciliation than before. This curious and unintended

result is brought about because both dramatists desired to be produced at any cost and not to write plays which were too good and too truthful for the present market. They started by creating men and women and ended by turning them into the lay figures of the theatre stockpot. Such is the tyranny of the actor-manager!

Nevertheless, there is much in these two pieces that is clever and entertaining. Mr. Jones is frankly farcical. Mr. Sutro is naturally a little portentous. Mr. Jones writes in his usual rapid, superficial, flashing style—Mr. Sutro as one who sits at the feet of Sir Arthur Pinero, and who is therefore unable to write even the "directions" in anything but words of two syllables. Mr. Jones throws his characters on the stage as impressionist sketches; Mr. Sutro overloads them with paint until they are as heavy as Royal Academy portraits. Both plays are, in a way, caricatures of their authors' work. One is unmistakably Jones, and the other inevitably Sutro. One is overdone Jones, and the other over-sententious Sutro. If Mr. Jones had handed the plot of "The Ogre" to Mr. Sutro, and Mr. Sutro had presented the outline of "The Perplexed Husband" to Mr. Jones, both plays would have gained much. In Mr. Sutro's hands "The Ogre" would have been more logical and less meticulous, while in Mr. Jones' "The Perplexed Husband" would have been free from its *Spectator*-like pomposity. A valuable ballast would have been added to "The Ogre," and a great deal of superfluous sail hauled down from "The Perplexed Husband."

Mr. Jones shows a hard-working City man of fifty or so with three extremely selfish and self-willed children, married to a second wife who, though a quiet outwardly attractive and feminine little lady, is inwardly an almost wholly worthless creature. A woman who has made an undisturbed orgy of self-indulgence during the years of her husband's prosperity, she is suddenly called upon to be plucky and helpful during a financial crisis. So well does Mr. Jones show her constitutional inability to give up any of her extravagant habits, so cruelly and relentlessly does he paint her emptiness, insincerity, dishonesty, and lack of responsibility, that he makes her husband out to be no ogre but a weak and hopeless fool ever to take the trouble to win her back to his arms. Mr. Sutro's business man is a much more practical, every-day sort of fellow. He is younger and more eager to put in a good time. His children are babies, and he considers it to be perfectly right and natural that he should devote most of his spare time to golf. He married because he fell in love, and, although he has never stopped to consider the matter, he goes about with the healthy, normal, fixed idea that no man could do more to make a woman blissfully happy than by giving her an airy house, several servants, adequate housekeeping money, a few babies, an annual sea-side holiday, occasional presents, as little of his time as possible, and all his socks to darn. He works well, plays well, asks frequently after his children, gives his wife a kiss whenever he remembers, and remains the best type of clean-minded, energetic, cheery undergraduate until, at thirty-five, he returns from a business expedition to find his wife under the baneful influence of Ibsen, the futile misconceptions of emancipation and personal direction of a charlatan and a fanatic. His hitherto contented, happy, and placid wife has had her rosy spectacles torn from her eyes in an accident and sees her husband no longer as a hero, an unsubstantial creature built of dreams and ladies' novels, but a man, a fine, ripe, selfish, business-man, a credit to his sex and his country.

Up to this point Mr. Sutro's play is wholly excellent. We like and respect and know both the husband and the wife. We recognise as human, too, the charlatan and the fanatic, and we look forward eagerly for the honest solution of an entirely conceivable thesis. But from the rise of the curtain

on Act II. truth leaves the play and theatricality enters it. It is excellent and ingenious theatricality; we are much entertained and amused; but, all the same, it is very clear to us that we have been cheated. The men and women of Act I. have been twisted into dolls. They are all like nothing in life until an unexpected touch of Pinero realism makes the whole theatre reel and quiver, and puts very hot blood once more into the puppets from whom all blood had been purposely and shamelessly drawn. The husband suddenly flings his arms round the shoulders of the red-headed typist whom he has brought into his house to make his wife jealous and kisses her on the mouth. It is a wonderful moment. It is as though a wooden soldier had suddenly fired a real bullet from a wooden gun. It is a pure Pinero, and it kicks the wilfully insincere little play clean into the middle of life, and makes the end of it quite impossible to accept. The husband and not the charlatan would have gone off with the red-headed typist, and the wife, now convinced of her martyrdom, would have thrown in a discontented lot with the charlatan and the fanatic. As it is, the curtain goes down on a wife who no longer looks at her husband through rosy spectacles, in the arms of a husband whose passion is inflamed by another woman. What sort of life are these two people going to lead in the future? What sort of life are the husband and wife in Mr. Jones' play going to lead? Happy endings, forsooth!

Well, there it is. This is how plays are written to-day by two well-practised playwrights, because that is how they are required to be written by the men who run theatres. The only consolation lies in the acting of them. It can be said that both "The Ogre" and "The Perplexed Husband" are not only acted to perfection, but are produced to perfection. Sir George Alexander is charming. He plays his part with a grace and a likeableness which are beyond praise, and Miss Kate Cutler does not spare herself in realising a very vivid picture of the flighty, empty-headed, petulant, selfish, little woman. At the St. James's Theatre the actors are admirably chosen. Miss Gladys Cooper looks deliciously pretty and plays with the utmost naturalness, and Mr. Hallard, Mr. Owen Nares, Mr. Vivian Reynolds, and Mr. Valentine, especially Mr. Valentine, could not be bettered. At Wyndham's Mr. Gerald du Maurier brings all his best and surest art to bear on the average man. Every time we see Mr. du Maurier we see something more of his genius, his effortless expertness, his unstrained certainty of touch, the unique way in which he keeps things going. As the charlatan Mr. Lyall Swete gave a very ripe comedy performance and took enormous relish in his self-conscious pedantry. Miss Henrietta Watson made the fanatic almost too painfully sincere and true. She remained alive and real after all the other characters had dwindled into marionettes. Miss Athene Seyler was not quite happily placed. She is very intelligent, very much in earnest, but has not yet lived down the self-consciousness of the amateur and the mannerisms of the pet pupil of the Dramatic Academy. Miss Enid Bell, on the other hand, gave a remarkable performance and one that was valuably paradoxical; although she looked most sophisticated, she managed to create an effect of innocence that was very necessary. Miss Maude Millett gave a beautiful performance. She was the sensible, happy, unredeemed wife to the very life, the woman who while realising the imperfections of human nature made the best of it, and was more truly emancipated without recourse to ridiculous and painful extremes than the most advanced suffragist. "The Ogre" and "The Perplexed Husband" are, therefore, worth seeing. Although they hedge in what we must call a very weak manner with the marriage problem, they do contain much that is ingenious and entertaining. They are, in a word, good enough to make us wish that they were better.

MUSIC

WORCESTER FESTIVAL

APART from any question of artistic merit or otherwise, the Three Choirs Festivals are interesting because they are so largely local efforts. At each of them, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, the Cathedral organist is by virtue of that office, conductor-in-chief. At one time singers from the Northern Counties were imported, but the choruses now consist entirely of local singers, and as far as possible—though this can be done to only a very small extent—local instrumentalists are engaged in the orchestra. Other players are engaged chiefly from the London Symphony and Hallé Orchestras. Except for the classics, the works included in the programmes are mainly by composers who have local, family or professional associations, and the district which has produced Parry and Elgar is not without other composers of merit and standing. Naturally such festivals suffer defects consequent upon their corresponding advantages. It would be almost impossible for the ordinary Cathedral organist to obtain the varied experience requisite for the making of a really great chorus master or conductor, even if he possessed the ability. Mr. Ivor Atkins, who conducted the festival which commenced at Worcester on September 10th, has neither the ability nor the opportunity to become this, and while some of his work rose to a very creditable height, it must be confessed other parts were commonplace, and even poor.

"Elijah" to open and "The Messiah" to close are inevitable at these festivals and proved the lowest depths of festival performance. No one, from conductor down to the humblest chorus-singer, appeared to find anything of interest in them. Very different was the really excellent performance of Bach's "The Passion according to St. Matthew." A new edition of this work had been prepared for the occasion by Mr. Atkins and Sir Edward Elgar, assisted by Professor C. S. Terry. Its principal features were the careful revision of the words, and slight and subtle changes of expression and phrasing. Also the chorales were accompanied simply on the organ and the recitatives on the pianoforte. With one exception the latter were excellently in keeping, though with a less discreet and able pianist than Dr. G. R. Sinclair it is possible that the effect would not be so satisfactory. For the chorale in the opening number the boys' voices from the three choirs were employed, and the whole effect of this number was remarkable for its unity, clarity, and expression. With the great dramatic cry of "Barabbas" this was the crowning point of the festival. Mr. Gervase Elwes as the "Evangelist" was not in his best voice, but sang with expression and reverence, as did also Mr. Campbell McInnes as "Christus." Madame Agnes Nicholls, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and Mr. Robert Radford filled the other principal parts, and minor solos were sung by Madame Le Mar, Miss Sara Silvers, Mr. J. A. Smith, and Mr. E. W. Davies. Herr Fritz Kreisler played the solo violin parts which accompany the arias "Have mercy, Lord" and "Give, O give me back my Lord." This was on Thursday morning.

It is a sure sign of the tendency of public taste to turn from old favourites that the largest congregation (except on Sunday afternoon, when no charge was made for admission) assembled on Wednesday morning, when the programme comprised the Third Act of "Parsifal," Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," and Sir Edward Elgar's Second Symphony. Of these three works there is little doubt the last-named was the chief attraction. Its composer is a native of Worcester, and every one in that city is proud of the fact. Whether from its intrinsic nature or because Sir Edward Elgar had a more complete hold of his forces it is difficult

to say; it was also the most effective musically. Off the stage "Parsifal" is always more or less tedious, and the Third Act is never very exciting. Palestrina's *a capella* work is a glorious one, but the chorus was not in a condition to do it justice. Elgar's symphony in E flat, well compounded and beautifully scored as it is, improves on further acquaintance, but will in no wise compare with the first. Much the same may be said of his violin concerto, which was well played, though not superlatively so, by Kreisler on Thursday evening. It is impossible to avoid the feeling that the composer has been too anxious to produce a large quantity of orchestral music within a certain period, and has consequently had recourse to manufacturing methods. As a conductor of his own works, however, he continues to improve, and often falls very little short of greatness.

Of the four actual novelties, two were produced at the secular concert given in the Public Hall on Wednesday evening. Professor Granville Bantock brought forward an "Overture to a Greek Tragedy—*Œdipus at Colonus*" (Sophocles), which showed him in a new light. He has seized the tragic character of the complete story, and has also suggested some of the details by his characteristic writing. Though he has not labelled his themes, it is difficult not to associate them with such ideas as the remorse of *Œdipus*, the flight to *Colonus*, and the consolation of *Antigone*. It is a fine and interesting work, though quite short, and will probably rank very highly among the works of Mr. Bantock. A set of Variations for Strings by W. H. Reed (the leader of the orchestra), played at the same concert, are well written and striking in many respects. They owe something to the composer's forebears, particularly to Brahms, Elgar, and Bantock, but are not without signs of individuality. They were excellently played under his direction and were very appreciatively received.

Since "Everyman" Dr. Walford Davies has not progressed far, and his latest work, "Five Sayings of Jesus," together with a reputed Saying of His and certain other Words chiefly derived from "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has the same mystical character and the same methods of obtaining the effects as its predecessor. Had we not heard "Everyman" we should say this was as original as it is beautiful. It is written for tenor soloist (Mr. Gervase Elwes), chorus, and orchestra, and was well performed under the direction of the composer. "Five Mystical Songs," by Dr. Vaughan Williams, lean very much to the modern French school, while they nevertheless reproduce the sentiment of the poems by George Herbert. They did not appear to be great achievements. Other works included in the Festival programme were Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Mozart's Requiem Mass, Parry's Coronation *Te Deum*, and a number of smaller items, none of which calls for special comment. Six out of the seven concerts were given in the Cathedral. Of course, no sign of approval of works or artists was allowed, and everything was done with the greatest reverence. It was noticeable, however, that more people left before the close of "Elijah" and "The Messiah" than at the rendering of the other works. Slowly but surely these oratorios are losing their inordinate popularity.

SIR RICHARD BURTON—II.

By FRANK HARRIS

No one, I think, who knows men will deny that Richard Burton was a master of speech and action, like Walter Raleigh, though in every respect an incomparably greater man. He was a more daring and a more successful explorer; an infinitely better scholar, with intimate knowledge of a

dozen worlds which Raleigh knew nothing about, a greater writer, too, and a more dominant, irresistible personality. Young Lord Pembroke once slapped Raleigh's face; no sane man would have thought of striking Burton. Aristocratic Elizabethan England, however, could honour Raleigh and put him to noble use, whereas Victorian, till-and-pill England could find no place for Richard Burton and could win no service from him. Think of it! Burton knew the Near East better than any Westerner has ever known it; he was a master of literary Arabic and of the dialects spoken in Egypt and the Soudan. Moreover, as he himself puts it modestly, "the accidents of my life, my long dealings with Arabs and other Mohammedans and my familiarity not only with their idiom but with their turn of thought and with that racial individuality which baffles description" made Burton an ideal ruler for a Mohammedan people. Besides, he was already under the Foreign Office. And yet when we took Egypt we sent Lord Dufferin to govern it, and tossed a small consular post to Richard Burton as a bone to a dog. Dufferin knew no Arabic, and nothing about Egypt. Burton knew more than any one else on earth about both, and was besides a thousand times abler than the chattering, charming Irish peer. Yet Dufferin was preferred before him. Deliberately, I say that all our mistakes in Egypt—and they are as numerous and as abominable as years of needless war have ever produced—came from this one blunder. This sin England is committing every day, the sin of treating the able and true man as the wrong and bad man, and therefore negligible; it is the sin against the Holy Spirit, the sin once thought unforgivable. No wonder Burton wrote that the "crass ignorance" (of England) "concerning the Oriental peoples which should most interest her, exposes her to the contempt of Europe as well as of the Eastern World." No wonder he condemned "the regrettable raids of '83-'84," and "the miserable attacks of Tokar, Teb, and Tamasi" upon the "gallant negroes who were battling for the holy cause of liberty and religion and for escape from Turkish taskmasters and Egyptian tax-gatherers," and he concludes thunderously there was "not an English official in camp . . . capable of speaking Arabic."

Gladstone appointed Dufferin; Gladstone sent Gordon to the Soudan at the dictation of a journalist as ignorant as himself! Gladstone, too, appointed Cromer, and after Tokar and Teb we had the atrocious, shameful revenge on the Mahdi's remains and the barbarous murders of Den-shawi; and a thousand thousand unknown tragedies besides, all because England's rulers are incapable of using her wisest sons and determined to pin their faith to mediocrities—like choosing like.

"England," says Burton, "has forgotten, apparently, that she is at present the greatest Mohammedan empire in the world, and in her Civil Service examinations she insists on a smattering of Greek and Latin rather than a knowledge of Arabic." Here is what Burton thought about the English Civil Service; every word of it is true, every word memorable:—

In our day, when we live under a despotism of the lower "middle-class" who can pardon anything but superiority, the prizes of competitive service are monopolised by certain "pets" of the *Médiocratie*, and prime favourites of that jealous and potent majority—the Mediocrities who know "no nonsense about merit." It is hard for an outsider to realise how perfect is the monopoly of commonplace, and to comprehend how fatal a stumbling-stone that man sets in the way of his own advancement who dares to think for himself, or who thinks more or who does more than the mob of gentlemen-employees who know very little and do even less. "He knows too much" is the direst obstacle to official advancement in England—it would be no objection in France; and in Germany, Russia and Italy, the three

rising Powers of Europe, it would be a valid claim for promotion. But, unfortunately for England, the rule and government of the country have long been, and still are, in the hands of a corporation, a clique, which may be described as salaried permanent and irresponsible clerks, the power which administers behind the Minister. They rule and misrule; nor is there one man in a million who, like the late Mr. Fawcett, when taking Ministerial charge, dares to think and act for himself and to emancipate himself from the ignoble tyranny of "the office."

With all its faults the English Civil Service is better than our Parliamentary masters. Like fish a State first goes bad at the head. Burton used to tell how he came home and offered all East Africa to Lord Salisbury. He had concluded treaties with all the chiefs; no other Power was interested or would have objected. But Lord Salisbury refused the gift. "Is Zanzibar an island?" he wanted to know, and "Is East Africa worth anything?" So we allowed the Germans twenty years later to come in and cut "the wasp's waist" and bar our way from the Cape to Cairo.

England wasted Burton—wasted him shamefully, and has already paid millions of money, to say nothing of far more precious things (some of them beyond price), for her stupidity, and England's account with Egypt is still all on the wrong side—stands, indeed, worse than ever, I imagine; for Egypt, is now bitterly contemptuous of English rule. Egypt is a source of weakness to England therefore, and not a source and fount of strength, as she would have been from the beginning if the old Parliamentary rhetor had had eyes as well as tongue, and had set Burton to do the work of teaching, organising, and guiding which your Dufferins and Cromers and the rest are incapable even of imagining.

The worst of it is that Burton has left no successor. Had he been appointed he would have seen to this, one may be sure; would have established a great school of Arabic learning in Cairo, and trained a staff of Civil servants who would have gladly learned the elements at least of their work—men who would not only have known Arabic, but the ablest natives, and so have availed themselves of a little better knowledge than their own. But, alas! the chance has been lost, and unless something is done soon Egypt will be England's worst failure, worse even than India or Ireland.

But now I must return to Burton. I should like to tell of an evening I spent once with him when Lord Lytton was present. Lytton had been Viceroy of India, the first and only Viceroy who ever understood his own infinite unfitness for the post.

"I only stayed in India," he used to say, "to prevent them sending out an even worse man."

I asked him afterwards why he didn't recommend Burton for the post; for he knew something of Burton's quality.

"They'd never send him," he cried with unconscious snobbery. "He's not got the title or position; besides, he'd be too independent. My God, how he'd kick over the traces and upset the cart!"

The eternal dread of genius, and yet that very evening Burton had shown high qualities of prudence and wisdom quite beyond Lytton's comprehending.

But I must hasten. I found myself in Venice once with time on my hands, when I suddenly remembered that across the sea at Trieste was a man who would always make a meeting memorable. I took the next steamer and called on Burton. I found the desert lion dying of the cage; dying of disappointment and neglect; dying because there was no field for the exercise of his superlative abilities; dying because the soul in him could find nothing to live on in Trieste. In spite of his talent for literature, in spite of his extraordinary gift of speech, Burton was at bottom a man of action, a great leader, a still greater governor of men.

While out walking we stopped at a little *café*, and I had an object-lesson in Burton's mastery of life. His German was quite good, but nothing like his Italian. He seemed to know the people of the inn and everyone about by intuition, and in a few minutes had won their confidence and admiration. For half an hour he talked to a delighted audience in Dante's speech, jewelled with phrases from the great Florentine himself. As we walked back to his house he suddenly cried to me:—

"Make some excuse and take me out to-night; if I don't get out I shall go mad. . . ."

We had a great night—Burton on his own life: he told of his youth in the Indian Army when he wandered about among the natives disguised as a native (I have always thought of him as the original of Kipling's "Strickland"). His fellow-officers, of course, hated his superiority: called him in derision "the white nigger"; Burton laughed at it all, fully compensated, he said, for their hatred by the love and admiration of Sir Charles Napier (*Peccavi*, "I have Sinned," Napier), hero meeting hero. It was to Napier, and at Napier's request, that he sent the famous "report" which, falling into secretarial hands, put an end to any chance of Burton's advancement in India—the tragedy again and again repeated of a great life maimed and marred by envious, eyeless mediocrities. What might have been, what would have been—a new earth if not a new heaven—the theme of his inspired narration.

I got him to talk, too, about "The Scented Garden," which he had been working at for some time. Lady Burton afterwards burnt this book, together with his priceless diaries, for prudery's milky taste. He told me (what I had already guessed) that the freedom of speech he used, he used deliberately, not to shock England but to teach England that only by absolute freedom of speech and thought could she ever come to be worthy of her heritage.

"But I'm afraid it's too late," he added; "England's going to some great defeat; she's wedded to lies and mediocrities." . . . He got bitter again, and I wished to turn his thoughts.

"Which would you really have preferred to be," I probed, "Viceroy of India or Consul-General of Egypt?"

"Egypt, Egypt!" he cried, starting up, "Egypt! In India I should have had the English Civil servants to deal with—the Jangali, or savages, as their Hindu fellow-subjects call them—and English prejudices, English formalities, English stupidity, English ignorance. They would have killed me in India, thwarted me, fought me, intrigued against me, murdered me. But in Egypt I could have made my own Civil servants, picked them out, and trained them. I could have had natives, too, to help. Ah, what a chance!"

"I know Arabic better than I know Hindi. Arabic is my native tongue; I know it as well as I know English. I know the Arab nature. The Mahdi business could have been settled without striking a blow. If Gordon had known Arabic well, spoken it as a master, he would have won the Mahdi to friendship. To govern you must know a people—know their feelings, love their dreams and aspirations. What did Dufferin know of Egypt? Poor Dufferin, what did he even know of Dufferin? And Cromer's devoid of Dufferin's amiability!"

The cold words do him wrong, give no hint of the flame and force of his disappointment; but I can never forget the bitter-sadness of it: "England finds nothing for me to do, makes me an office-boy, exiles me here on a pittance." The caged lion!

I have always thought that these two men, Carlyle and Burton, were the two greatest governors ever given to England. The one for England herself, and as an example to the world of the way to turn a feudal, chivalrous State into

a great modern, industrial State; the other the best possible governor of Mahommedan peoples—two more prophets whom England did not stone, but did not take the trouble to listen to. She is still paying, as I have said, somewhat dearly for her adders' ears, and must yet pay still more dearly.

I have found fault with Carlyle because he was a Puritan, deaf to music, blind to beauty. Burton was anything but a Puritan, but he was curiously sceptical and practical—his curiosity all limited to this world, which accounts to me for his infernal pedantry. He never seemed to realise that wisdom has nothing to do with knowledge, literature nothing to do with learning. Knowledge and learning—facts are but the raw food of experience, and literature is concerned only with human experience. A child of the mystical East, a master of that Semitic thought which has produced the greatest religions, Burton was astoundingly matter-of-fact. There was no touch of the visionary in him—the curious analogies of things disparate everywhere discoverable, the chemical reactions of passion, the astounding agreement between mathematical formulæ and the laws of love and hatred, the myriad provoking hints, like eyes glinting through a veil, that tempt the poet to dreaming, the artist to belief, were all lost on Burton. He was a master of this life and cared nothing for any other; his disbelief was curiously "emphatic." He wrote:—

The shivered clock again shall strike, the broken reed shall pipe again,
But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of Brutes, the doom of Men.

But, with all his limitations and all his shortcomings, Burton's place was an Eastern throne and not the ignoble routine of a petty Consular office.

"TREASURE ISLAND" AS A BOOK FOR BOYS

It is a pity that schoolmasters do not make a point of discovering the private literary tastes of their pupils, in order that we could form some general idea of what boys really like to read. Such an inquiry must be conducted tactfully; the only lists of the kind that we have seen were suspiciously priggish. It is true that there are boys who like Scott and Dickens, but it is safe to say that the average boy of twelve or thirteen cares neither for one nor the other, or at all events, given the opportunity, prefers Henty or Talbot Baines Reed. Yet, while we may acknowledge that boys do not accept our adult standards of criticism, it must not be inferred that they do not possess any of their own. A bookish boy will read anything if the supply of books is limited, but he will like some books better than others, and the most sophisticated of critics has no firmer ground for his judgments than that.

That the critical instinct of boys is sometimes subtle in its workings may be seen from the classic instance of "Treasure Island," which entirely failed to capture the hearts of the juvenile readers of *Young Folks* when it appeared as a serial in that periodical. Indeed the editor had to defend it, in reply to criticisms of the earlier instalments. In revenge the "Black Arrow," surely Stevenson's worst book, proved a great success with the same body of readers, a preference which should reveal to the thoughtful writer the enormous difficulty of estimating the probable popularity of books written for boys. The conscientious critic should be panic-stricken at Christmas-time, when he is faced with the

usual deluge of juvenile literature, for he is about to adventure in an unknown land. A musical critic set down suddenly in Barnard's ring at Epsom to write an account of the Derby for the Newmarket touts would be in a position no more embarrassing.

What was it in "Treasure Island" that the readers of *Young Folks* did not like? If we could find a satisfactory answer to the question we should be nearer to an understanding of juvenile standards of criticism. Offhand, though we should not have thought of bracketing it with "Tom Sawyer" and the "Iliad," like Mr. Andrew Lang, we should have said that "Treasure Island" was the best boys' book that had ever been written. Pirates, treasure, a desert island, some good fighting and a boy hero are the elements that we should seek in a model work of that description; and though we do not credit the young with any taste for style, they should surely appreciate the romantic spirit and unfailing energy with which Stevenson's tale is told. He avoided, too, the heavy-handed morality that proved the undoing of Dean Farrar, and even, from a boy's point of view, of Thomas Hughes. Virtue triumphs, but so, to a minor extent, does the principal villain—that very finished ruffian John Silver—whose character drew its inspiration, we are told, from the "maimed strength and masterfulness" of the poet Henley, and with whom Stevenson had clearly fallen in love himself. An omission in the story that the author lamented would not probably occur to the mind of a boy. "The trouble is," he wrote, "to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths—bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted." Another omission, that of female characters, was in joyful obedience to the wishes of the boy on whom he tried the earlier chapters, and here he was undoubtedly right. Yet the readers of *Young Folks*, those bizarre and nameless critics, refused to hear the charmer's voice till he changed his pipe and gave them the "Black Arrow."

Boys are ineloquent critics, and this heightens the difficulty of understanding their literary preferences; so that we are forced to fall back on theory to account for the failure of "Treasure Island" in serial form. Perhaps the most notable difference between that and the average book for boys lies in the fact that Stevenson's characterisation is more than skin deep. His hero, Jim Hawkins, is a real boy, and not one of the super-boys who lead armies and drive motor-cars across the pages of most boys' books. Admitting that Jim does heroic things, it is nevertheless true that Stevenson has robbed him of the normal heroic glamour. The grown-ups in the book do not turn to him for orders or acclaim him as a genius. We are made to feel—indeed we are told—that his splendid achievements are due to luck rather than judgment, and he emerges from his adventures without a halo. Now, doubtless, this study of a boy is faithful in terms of life, but this is not the kind of part that a boy would choose to play in his dreams. In the imaginary world of youth a boy triumphs over difficulties by superior skill and intellect, and not by luck, and his triumph is immediately recognised by old and young alike. Instead of adding a new kingdom to this world, "Treasure Island" is a shrewd blow at this fundamental law. It suggests that it is possible for a boy hero to be thoughtless and even foolish, and is a manifest denial of the truth that a boy can do no wrong in the world of adventure.

Again, though the adult mind finds John Silver a convincing and sufficient villain, it may be doubted whether he is acceptable to the young as a type of pirate captain. He is smooth-tongued and hypocritical, and he achieved by guile the ends that a proper pirate captain would have attained by force. It is a pity, for it cannot be denied that his ferocity is genuine when he doffs his ignoble mask. Flint

or William Bones must have played the part with a better grace; in fact, from all we learn of Flint he must have been a model pirate, and all the lesser ruffians of "Treasure Island" fall to talking of him when they want to make our flesh creep. Their villainy is merely the shadow of Flint's, and tender youth, with a mind tuned for deeds of violence, may well imagine that the book begins too late. "Treasure Island" is well enough, but where is the tale of Flint's adventures? That is the book that a healthy-minded, blood-thirsty boy would wish to read.

Doubtless in humanising his characters, in making his boy-hero a mere lifelike boy, in sketching his pirates as the cowardly, clumsy ruffians they were in real life, Stevenson was at variance with juvenile conceptions of adventure; and yet the story is so good that the coldness of those early readers remains a mystery. "Treasure Island" was begun at Braemar in August, 1881, and at the same time Stevenson was writing some of those graceful notes of childhood that were afterwards gathered into the "Child's Garden of Verses." In our experience these never fail with young children, who find in them a straightforward expression of everyday emotions, where grown-up people find poignant echoes of the rapture and enchantment of their lost childhood. When a child in our hearing called them "sensible" we realised the measure of the poet's success. From the lips of children he would have desired no other praise.

Intellectually boys are hard to reckon with, for in most of them the child's imagination is giving place to the materialism of a healthy animal, so that side by side with the credulity of inexperience we find a scepticism founded on cheerful ignorance. A boy may dismiss the novels of Scott as "rot" and read a halfpenny legend of Deadwood Dick, the Dime Detective, with interest and pleasure. But we must not on this account deny him the possession of a critical faculty. He knows what he likes, and that is the beginning of all criticism. It would be interesting if readers of THE ACADEMY would reveal their experience of boys' tastes in literature.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"RED RUIN AND THE 'MAKING' OF THE LAWS"—II.

INSTEAD of choosing new areas for the further application of the free principle wherein its benefaction could be widened and amplified, the leaders started to claim for this miniature Free Trade all the qualities of a kind of panacea. Its effects were not only over-estimated, but in many cases misinterpreted. It had caused an increase in the volume of industry and trade to an unprecedented extent, a decrease in unemployment, a rise in wages, and thousands among the workers became themselves employers of labour. But not content with the actual sum-total of the beneficial effects of their reform, these reformers led the world to believe that the benefactions flowing from utterly different sources were part of its miraculous handiwork. The discovery of steam and its manifold uses on land and water, the reform in the postal system, the abolition of stamp and paper duties, the curtailment of certain despotic restrictions imposed by Bank monopoly, and scores of other innovations—all these represented each their particular contribution to a phenomenal prosperity.

All this exaggeration of facts, confusion of phenomena, and misinterpretation of conditions, when the great falling-off set in some thirty years later, led to a marked change of front in both political parties. Political Economy became discredited, especially among the Conservatives, and the Indi-

vidualists in the once great Liberal Party permitted themselves to be marched in the very opposite direction Cobden had inaugurated. State Socialism soon became the goal of both parties, and competition in pragmatism and predatory legislation became, as it ever must do, contagious and cumulative.

The usual deplorable results were soon manifest. Profits dwindled, taxes rose. Exasperating inspection, hampering prohibitions, fussy and tiresome regulations, weighed heavily upon our home trade, our industry, and our shipping, while foreign competitors were proportionately encouraged. The parental legislation called for heavy sacrifices, all of which, in default of profits, naturally fell on the wage-earning classes. The lowered consuming power of the masses, due to the lower wages, rendered more fierce the competition among the producers and so still further reduced profits and wages alike.

Such were the direct effects of this great legislative volte-face. Then came the indirect ones, quite as mischievous as the others. The politicians, in their vote-catching panderings to the popular cry, were sedulously preaching a grave and dangerous fallacy—namely, that Capital and Labour are naturally antagonistic. This being, or appearing to be, the conviction of the leaders, what wonder that the masses adopted their view? Being convinced that the masters were the enemies of the men, they proceeded to organise a fighting-machine—the Trades Unions. The huge capital accumulated during the fast vanishing Individualist era by these societies was now squandered, together with their own savings and often the contents of the working-men's homes, in visiting losses on the employers. The doctrine they had learned was that if the reduction of wages were not resisted, and if a rise in wages were not forced upon their masters by means of strikes, the employers would take advantage of their peaceful attitude, and lower wages, or at least keep them stationary.

These victims of fallacious teaching were not aware, and the agitators were incapable of telling them, that no combination or action on the part of the employers can keep wages down so long as trade is progressing, and that no number of strikes, be they however gigantic, can raise wages when trade is on the decline. Even now to-day this wrong teaching is so deep-rooted among workers and agitators alike, despite the great suffering and losses sustained, that they do not realise the true and actual effects of strikes: reduced consumption, less available capital, prolonged depression, permanently lower wages, and more unemployed. If ever they should recover from the maleficent sophistries with which the politicians and agitators have impregnated them, they will perceive with all their eyes that uninterrupted work means augmented capital, increased consuming power, increased demand for manufactured goods, increased demand for labourers and higher wages—that they may put their trust in the well-founded selfishness of the employer, impelling him to expand his business as much as possible, and consequently to secure as many workers as his extended business demands, thereby keeping wages at the highest possible point compatible with the permanence of his trade. Instead of permitting so natural an evolution, they have been and are killing the goose with the golden eggs.

Thus the direct and indirect consequences and the return to antiquated and exploded fallacies have been compassing the ruin of our industry and trade, and plunging the country and with it the Empire—that veritable Paradise of wealth given rational organisation and sound rule—into a position of ever-growing difficulties and dangers. The workers are the wielders of power, and the more they are persuaded by the politicians to endorse and adopt a system of government which must inevitably undermine trade, industry, transport by land and shipping, and bring these finally to a standstill,

the result can alone be misery and exasperation to the point that, by the aid of the State, they will use their power to appropriate all the wealth that has been accumulated.

The capital of the nation is not the property of Government, but of private individuals. Despite every law enacted to the contrary, these can, at a moment's notice, transfer all their capital abroad. Capital cannot be expected to submit to a process of annihilation. When it rebels and quits this country the event will be marked by the breaking down of credit. With an antiquated and irrational centralisation banking system such as ours, the next phase will be the stoppage of all our banks. When the system of clearing by credit and cheques breaks down, all that will remain will be a few millions of gold with which to meet thousands of millions of promises to pay, complete cessation of industry will result in a bank panic, and its probable sequel a gold famine, and the industrial centres will find themselves resourceless. Disorder and confusion will ensue. Local government or emergency committees will grab any stores of food wherever found. Urgent telegrams to foreign ports ordering the retention of all food consignments destined for these islands will be despatched, and the self-inflicted universal blockade would bring about an appalling famine in the country. The climax, involving a wolfish struggle for existence, with all the horrors of a beleaguered city or of a shipwreck, can easily be conceived.

But all such disasters could yet be averted. A return, on a truly amplified scale, to the free principles of Individualism, whereby Free Trade were conferred on Capital and Credit, on the Colonies, on land, as well as in other vital directions, would soon have its beneficial effects, and it can be easily shown that if the new policy were fearlessly approached and dealt with in a non-party spirit, bereft of all prejudice, such small examples of the great benefactions already inherited by us through the unmaking of laws, if broadly applied, would result in a prosperity exceeding that of the crumbled States, and would secure to us the welfare of all classes, as well as the firm consolidation of the Empire.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

NEW ZEALAND SKETCHES

By W. H. KOEBEL

I.

It is bad policy to start with a wailing note. A subtle host—there should be as much entertainment within book-covers as upon a tablecloth—will lay out his most sparkling wines first of all, awaiting the period when his guests' palates shall be clogged ere substituting less cheerful vintages. But how can I refrain from a grumble? The fact is that a very notable portion of the Empire has a genuine grievance. How does it happen that the Maoriland bush should never yet have found a singer? There are names in literature that are famous from their mere association with the men and forests, lakes and lands, of Canada, India, and Africa. Reflect, moreover, on the most marked feature of the anomaly! Australia drew the verse from Adam Lindsay Gordon in a full and clear stream, while a New Zealand poet who can hold the ear of the world still lacks existence.

Now this thing is far more curious than it may appear to those ignorant of both countries. Such folk may well consider it but natural—in view of the great disparity in size of

the two lands—that from the blue gums of Australia should have emerged the work of such men as Adam Lindsay Gordon and "Rolf Boldrewood," while the song of the New Zealand mountains and forests should never have echoed beyond their own shores. In reality, since romance is not to be measured by the mile, no comparison is possible between the two fields. Without the slightest fear of being called to account for undue partisanship, it may be said that the glamour of New Zealand is infinitely greater than that of Australia. Who lived amongst the gum-trees of the latter ere the advent of the white man? Now that I have written it, the question is obviously couched in an unfortunate form. To the irreverent it will suggest the opossum; whereas I am referring to the tribes of rather unpoetic natives, the limitations of whose intelligence are narrower than those of the majority of such folk.

It is time to forsake such comparisons in romance and to turn to the topic of New Zealand alone. And when we arrive in New Zealand, let it be distinctly understood that no halt is to be made in such towns as Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, or in any other centre of electric tramways, busy streets, and hot or cold water on tap. No; we will make directly for a small bush township that sits on the shores of a bay just at the spot where a river, coursing down from the mountains inland, enters the ocean.

It is a short ride from here to the bush. An hour's smart canter will gain the country that is so rich in natural effect and in Maori legend. And when you have once set eyes on it the impression will remain with you: have no doubt on that point! I have seen tropical forests where the flowers blazed in arrogant pride, and whose trees themselves were painted in bewildering hues of blossom, even down to their trunks, from which the orchids hung with all the spendthrift radiance of the parasite. An overwhelming scene this! As entrancing to the senses in the first instant as would be a draught of honey and maraschino—and as sickly. A purely gorgeous pot of the kind possesses something of the effrontery of the painted woman. Can nature be immoral? If so, the vice is to be met with in places such as this, where the monkeys chatter and the humming-birds flit in the clearings. At the first glimpse it is magnificent; but familiarity must inevitably breed a suggestion of rankness.

The wonder of the Maoriland bush is of another order. Immeasurably deeper, infinitely more subtle, it is very stately, very silent, breathing out its mystery from every one of its evergreen leafy pores. The very birds have attuned themselves to its mood; the silence is broken by little beyond the silvery chime of the bell-bird. There are no chatters in the depths of the bush: only ghosts, so the Maori says, and wandering spirits of evil. If so, how can the dreaded things sustain their malice in such soft and dreamy surroundings, amidst the bush of evergreen, tree-fern, and palm, beneath which spreads the thick carpet of maidenhair?

But the life of the country does not begin and end with the leafage of the bush. There is its human population, and that of the township on the fringe of the ocean. There are its foolish sheep, its wise sheep-dogs, its horses, cattle, and the loves and hatreds of all, irrespective of breed or sex. It is astonishing how much a district holds, to say nothing of a country! It is impossible to dismiss the topic of humanity as curtly as that of the lower animals. What type of men are these that live among the forests, peaks, and grass-lands of the clearings? Of these I can give a broad and accurate description at the very outset. They are, in fact, very much like other men. It is but natural that in some respects they should differ from those who dwell in more populous and

noisy centres. They have in a marked degree those qualities that go hand in hand with perfect physical health and a strenuous life that holds many moments where disaster can only be averted by instant decision and unshattered nerve.

It may be that the force of association has caused me to rate them too highly. For staunchness, reliability, and open-heartedness I would put the man of the bush in the same category as the sailor. The two professions have much in common. Each is dependent on a very limited society of his fellow-beings, each has to fend for himself in the hour of need, and neither has the opportunity of displaying his best qualities when arriving in town or port. But the man from the bush has more than these primary virtues, as I hope to prove later.

Of course there are all kinds, even in the bush and in the open pasture land. There are as many lawsuits, boundary disputes, and minor failings here as elsewhere. But were the bush docked of its frailties it would be a most uninteresting spot. And here the weakness of the universal types is wont to be drowned in an unusually prolific flow of the milk of human kindness. If you leave the country an embittered man, the fault lies entirely with yourself, and not in the least with the land or its people. The place, in fact, will be well rid of you, and I cannot conceive what other spot would be the gainer.

Since we are giving the ground a preliminary clearing for action, one point should be made clear at the start. A misconception may arise concerning the nature of him whom I have called the man from the bush. In the imagination of the exuberant-minded he may be pictured as a wild man from the woods, crude as a bush pig in costume and manners. A tremendous wide-awake hat will inevitably form part of his garb, and for preference a flaming red shirt. But it would be superfluous to enter into the various popular conceptions of the man who is vaguely imagined as hailing from the back of beyond. Frankly, it is no more possible to collect his numerous representatives into a single type than it would be to effect a similar feat in the case of the various grades and conditions of townsmen. He may be landowner, shepherd, or stockman. As any of the three he may bear the name of a well-known family—the prevalence of the younger sons of such is a marked feature in Maoriland—or his origin may be commonplace or quite humble. His manners will be in accordance with his birth rather than with his station in life; but it may be taken for granted that the behaviour of even the most lowly will bear a favourable comparison with that of the corresponding class at home, although in the first instance a newcomer may mistake a natural independence for something less admirable.

As to costume, the man from the back-blocks will wear exactly what suits him in the course of his daily work. In place of the conventional wideawake, his headgear may be a cloth cap, or even an ancient and battered bowler. The latter I have frequently seen—I admit not without a deep sense of injury to the poetical fitness of things—on the head of a rider galloping desperately amid the most romantic country in the world, while the cattle were charging blindly, and the crashes of the stockwhips echoed across the gullies. But one has no right to consider costume at such a juncture. The sole business of the hour is with the sheep, as the inattentive may find out to their cost. It is only when bound for the township that sartorial matters should occupy the mind. Then, indeed, you will see a transformation from dungaree trousers and worn flannel shirts to a far more brilliant apparel that in many cases is not to be distinguished from the smart apparel in which men are wont to hack at home. Let me assure you that we can be dressy on occasion, even in the back-blocks.

AUTUMN BOOKS: GENERAL

MR. EDMUND DULAC, who has beautified the glaring hoardings with a poster of "Macbeth," has illustrated "Tales from Hans Andersen." The book is now in the press, and will provide many a wondering circle of children with speechless hours. The art of Mr. Dulac is very delicate and imaginative, and has obviously been inspired by Andersen's evergreen tales. Mr. Arthur Rackham, whose work belongs to the same school, also has a new book in the press. He has provided "Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods" with illustrations. There is another interesting illustrated book nearly ready. This is "Tannhäuser," by Willy Pogany.

Among forthcoming memoirs and biographies there are those of Bishop Ernest Wilberforce, by Mr. J. B. Atlay, the late editor of the *Globe*, and now a Special Commissioner of Income-tax; and Bishop King, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell. Father Tyrrell has written his Autobiography and Life, and Sir Henry Craik the Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. Another very interesting volume, and one which is being read widely by the earnest student of the drama, is Mr. Charles Calvert's "Sixty-eight Years on the Stage." Admiral Sir Edward Seymour has also fallen a victim to the *cacoethes scribendi*, and is the author of a book called "My Naval Career and Travels." The autobiography of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony has been out some days. Later in the month there will be added to these Mr. Lucien Wolf's "Life of the Marquess of Ripon," Mr. Bernard Holland's "Life of Spencer Compton, Eighth Duke of Devonshire," and the "Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B.;" "Tennyson and his Friends," edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson; Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Autobiographic Memoirs;" "The Early Youth of Marie Antoinette: a Study in Grisaille," by Lady Younghusband; Mr. H. M. Hyndman's "Record of an Adventurous Life," giving, of course, his connection with the early phases of the Socialist movement in England and his friendship with Mazzini and Marx, his journeys to Australia, India, and America, and his meetings with George Meredith, Disraeli, Clemenceau, William Morris, and Lord Randolph Churchill; "Forty Years of Friendship, as Recorded in the Correspondence of John Duke, Lord Coleridge," edited by Mr. Charlton Yarnall; the Biography of John Gibson, the sculptor; and Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's authorised "Life of James McNeill Whistler," which has long been expected. In addition to these Mr. Heinemann will publish the first volume of the Autobiography of Mr. George Moore; "My Vagabondage," by Mr. J. E. Patterson; the autobiographical revelation of an East-End man, by Mr. George Acorn, entitled "One of the Multitude;" and the "Life Story of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan."

Under the rather wide heading of History we are to have from Macmillan and Co. Mr. E. C. K. Gonner's "Common Law and Inclosure," Professor J. B. Bury's "The Eastern Roman Empire from the Fall of Irene to the Accession of Basil I. (A.D. 802-867)," Professor W. S. Ferguson's "Historical Essay on Hellenistic Athens," Dr. H. Belcher's "The First American Civil War," Mr. William Braithwaite's "The Beginnings of Quakerism," and "Floreat Etona," by Mr. Ralph Nevill. Kegan Paul and Co. are preparing a book called "Rowlandson's Oxford," by Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, which is an estimate of Oxford two hundred years ago from an undergraduate point of view, illustrated by a set of hitherto unpublished drawings of Rowlandson, reproduced in colours. Mr. Heinemann announces the work upon which Dr. Nansen has been so long engaged, giving the history of his Arctic explorations. This is called "Through Northern Mists," and will be illustrated from old charts and engravings and from drawings by the author. The

same publisher will send out Mr. Lovat Fraser's "India Under Curzon and After," and "Through Trackless Labrador," by Mr. Hesketh Pritchard.

To the already large number of books for the young there are shortly to be added E. Nesbit's "The Wonderful Garden," with illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar; Lewis Carroll's "Phantasmagoria, and other Poems," illustrated by Mr. A. B. Frost; "Fairies Afield," by Mrs. Molesworth, illustrated by Miss G. Demain Hammond; "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, and Through the Looking-glass," with ninety-two illustrations, sixteen being in colour, by John Tenniel; "The Ingoldsby Legends," with sixteen full-page illustrations in colour by Mr. H. G. Theaker; and Gilbert White's "Selborne," with illustrations by Mr. G. E. Collins.

From various publishers many other interesting books may be looked for from time to time, such as Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Irish Reminiscences," "The Sport of Shooting," by Mr. Owen Jones; "The Italian Year," by Mr. Richard Bagot, who thus deserts fiction for a change; "Undiscovered Russia," by Mr. Stephen Graham; "The Bargain Book," by Mr. C. E. Jerningham (the witty "Marmaduke" of *Truth*) and Mr. Lewis Bettany; "Nigeria: its Peoples and its Problems," by Mr. E. D. Morel; and "The Cheerful Day," by Mr. Reginald Lucas. To these we must add "Principles of Economics," by Professor F. W. Taussig; "Monopoly and Competition: a Study in English Industrial Organisation," by Hermann Levy, Professor in the University of Heidelberg; "Unemployment," by Messrs. B. S. Rowntree and Bruno Lasker; and "The Modern Prison Curriculum," by Dr. R. F. Quinton.

PHOTOGRAPHY

On Friday evening, September 15th, an interesting lecture was given at the Pall Mall Galleries, in connection with the present exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, by Anthony Guest, Esq., on "The Search for Beauty." Mr. Guest, it will be remembered, is the author of "Art and the Camera," and in his discourse he brought to bear all the sympathy and enchantment of which readers of that most useful book on photography know him to be capable. He said that those who made search for and greatly appreciated beauty had no means of comparing their state with what it would have been had the desire for beauty been denied them. One artist saw more in the human form, another in landscape, a third in flowers, a fourth in the sea, and a fifth in architecture than his fellows, and consequently each was inclined to make a speciality of his particular subject in his work. Beauty can only be real when it fits in with the general scheme of things. Fitness in its turn produces harmony, harmony happiness, and happiness health. Love must be brought to the quest for beauty, for it was beyond material forms. Mr. Guest went on to point out what a very large amount is done with the oval shape, that the beauty of the female form was produced by oval curves, and that Nature had very little use for the circle. He referred to Charles Dickens as the discoverer of beauty where it had been previously suspected that none existed, and advocated that those interested in photography could not do better than continue this search for loveliness, at the same time not forgetting to keep their sympathies keenly alive.

A short and lively discussion followed on the beauty of line, the beauty of surface and texture, and many other subjects of interest to those who enter into the technical side of photography. The lecture was fairly well attended, and concluded about 9.45.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

M. STOLYPIN

IN an age when genius is usually associated with a superabundance of decadent attributes, the man who typifies plain virility is likely to be lost among the crowd. Certainly he will stand head and shoulders above his fellows; but of what profit to him, or to any one, if eyes are turned earthwards in search of mighty insects?

Stolypin has fallen—fallen at the hand of a "modern," of a thing that in more wholesome times would miraculously have ceased to exist on attaining the age of maturity, and mischief. And yet this creature, held to be vile by the sturdy common-sense of vast communities of Slavs, Teutons, Scandinavians, Latins, and Anglo-Saxons, is the product of an advanced movement in the direction of so-called intellectual emancipation. We confess to a feeling of some bitterness when we discover inferential, if partial, recognition of the movement expressed in the more reputable of our daily journals. The recognition may not be intentional, but nevertheless it is a surrender, and a craven surrender, to a trend of modern thought that knows only two categories—the traditional Napoleon calmly and deliberately moving the pawns of his day, and the modern leader pressing on to his ideal, but hampered by the brute force of an untutored and perverse proletariat. There is room in this country for the establishment of a tribunal whose duty it should be to take severely to task and to censure such scribes as are to be found in Fleet Street and its purlieus, who, smugly glossing over what they are pleased to term his excusable imperfections, would indite as the epitaph of the man who has so swiftly become merged in the shadows that "although possessing no genius, he *meant well* to his Sovereign and his fellow-subjects." It was Stolypin's misfortune that he should have lived in an age of pigmies, and that his intellect and achievements should have been measured by puny standards. But truth will triumph, and the great statesman, revered by his Sovereign, beloved by the Russian people, and honoured by the whole world, will go down to history as a giant among men.

THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN CHINA

To the student of nations there can be no more fascinating problem than that which is suggested by the existing situation in China. It is a problem fraught with possibilities so immense as to appal the imagination—a problem, moreover, possessed of world-wide significance no less than world-wide interest, and characterised by an ever-changing complexity which has again and again baffled serious investigation and falsified reasoned speculation. The dramatic entry of Japan into the comity of nations turned the eyes of the West towards the East. Men wondered whether or not China, stirred by the force of an example so close at hand, would arouse herself from the slumber of ages to claim a place among the enlightened Powers of the world. The inauguration of sweeping reforms throughout the Empire seemed to indicate that progressive forces had begun to move in earnest. People who paid brief visits to the country, and whose opportunities for observation were necessarily limited, did not hesitate to declare that China had actually awakened, and that within a few years she would attain to a degree of national efficiency that would equal, if it did not excel, that already achieved by Japan. On the other-hand, serious students of the trend of events who had the advantage of long residence in China strongly deprecated any undue display of optimism in regard to the general situation. While not slow to recognise that there were abundant evidences of promising transition, they urged with consider-

able force that until the source of all the evil that withered the land—the deep-seated corruption and wilful maladministration of the Central Government at Peking—had been thoroughly cleansed, it could not truthfully be said that an era of genuine reform had dawned.

Thus in relation to existing conditions we have two distinct schools of publicists, one of which lends its authority to the final verdict that China is awake, while the other, better-informed, and in every way a more dependable guide, takes the cautious view that she has, as it were, opened her eyes, and is gazing in wonderment at the world of progress around her, but that she has not yet made up her mind to rise from her bed. Whichever opinion may be correct, the all-important fact remains that extreme optimism is not met with extreme pessimism; in other words, in no quarter is it denied that since the poignant lesson of the Russo-Japanese War was presented to China she has, solely of her own volition, made material advancement in many directions tending towards national efficiency. Foreigners who have dwelt long in the country, and who have come in close contact with the people and their customs, are, by reason of their experience of the past, disinclined to commit themselves hastily to anything in the nature of a definite judgment. China has shown signs of awakening before to-day, and she has fallen into deep slumber again.

But of the present movement towards reform it can be said, without the least fear of contradiction, that at no time in her modern history has she made a more determined effort to shake off once and for all that sickly lethargy which has so long sapped the vitality of her people and so frequently threatened her existence as an independent nation. Should the forces of progress gain, and, without serious interruption of any kind, continue to enjoy, complete ascendancy, then the present generation will undoubtedly see the rise of China to a place among the leading Powers. The magnitude of an evolution such as this would involve, and the far-reaching character of the influence it would exercise on world-politics, cannot be over-estimated. A strong and prosperous China would end for ever the aggressive domination of the white races. Sir Robert Hart recently related that years ago Wen Hsiang said to him, "You had better let us sleep on; if you will awaken us, we shall go further and faster than you will like!" "They are awoken now," commented Sir Robert, "and the new learning is at work all over the country, but mistakes will be made, and the crop will not yield so much or so quickly as has been anticipated. It is no easy task to force four hundred millions of people into line, and yet time will see changes, and the apostles of the new learning will have disciples, and the end will be the product of evolution of work, and the fittest will survive."

When it is remembered that China is half as large again as the United States, excluding Alaska, and that, leaving out of consideration altogether the several dependencies that owe her tribute, the smallest of the eighteen provinces that lie south of the Great Wall contains a population of six or seven millions, while that of the largest reaches sixty or seventy millions, and that each province is sufficiently extensive to contain a kingdom, some faint idea may be derived of the importance to be attached to the present movement of the progressive forces throughout the length and breadth of the land. Should these progressive forces gather strength, and endure until they place China in the forefront of the nations, a task infinitely greater than that so successfully undertaken by the makers of modern Japan will have been accomplished. But it stands to reason that China cannot attain to national efficiency with the same rapid precision as that which was so remarkably characteristic of the transitional period in Japan. The vastness of her territory in itself presents serious obstacles to reform. It is related that until Western

nations broke in upon their seclusion the Chinese only knew the world as China, fringed round by a few semi-barbarous States, all of which paid not unwilling homage to the Son of Heaven, and that in the Middle Ages the Japanese were looked upon by them merely as a race of sea-pirates who from time to time ravaged their coasts. Only sixteen years ago, when China was at war with Japan, the southern provinces regarded the conflict as an affair solely belonging to the northern provinces, and the authorities at Canton even went the length of demanding from the Japanese the return of some revenue-cutters on the ground that they had been captured by mistake! Considerable time elapsed before the inhabitants of Central China even heard the news that a war had been fought.

The extension of communications, and the stimulation of public opinion by means of the spread of education, are gradually creating a national sentiment, and to-day there are numbered among the people of the south some of the most ardent reformers to be found in any part of the Empire. The masses, however, are still fettered by ancient custom and are steeped in the conservatism of Confucian teachings—teachings which, as Sir Robert Hart has observed, have produced a singularly law-abiding people, intelligent, frugal, industrious, and contented, with a common-sense view of life; but teachings, nevertheless, which have the defect of their very qualities, inasmuch as, while excellent for domestic guidance, they do not supply what the present times of foreign intercourse demand—the strength that enables a people to hold its own against external aggression. It has at last been recognised that the requirements of a modern State call for educational methods on modern lines, and there are everywhere evidences to show that a real start has been made in the widespread dissemination of Western learning.

A nation can never permit itself to become old, for, like an individual, it is exposed to the risk of senility. Conscious of a history dating back five thousand years, and still living in the memory and adhering strictly to the customs of an ancient civilisation that at one time spread its light to all parts of Asia, China has been on the verge of a fatal dotage. At last, after a series of violent shocks to her system extending over many years, after her Empire has been shorn of vast territories, and after Japan, to whom in remote ages she imparted her early culture, has risen with upstart suddenness to a foremost place among the nations, China has reluctantly recognised that her ways are out of tune with the times.

MOTORING AND AVIATION

ALREADY the annual Motor Show at Olympia, which will open its doors to the public on Friday, November 3rd, and remain open until Saturday, the 11th *idem*, is becoming the principal topic of conversation in motoring circles, and, as usual, speculation is rife as to what novelties and surprises are in store for the motoring enthusiast at the Exhibition of 1911. That the Show will be at least as successful, from the point of view of the promoters, as any of its predecessors has been certain for a long time. Many months ago every inch of available space had been applied for and allocated to the exhibitors, and public interest in motoring was never keener than it is to-day, so that an amply satisfactory attendance is a foregone conclusion.

It would be premature at present to attempt anything like a comprehensive forecast of the exhibits, many of the manufacturers preferring to spring their surprises at the

Show itself. But it is known that there will be many interesting and important departures from current standard design. According to the *Motor*, which is always well posted with advance information, several world-famous firms will have new engines embodying the principle of the sliding sleeve instead of the poppet valve. Some of these have a plain up-and-down motion, some a rotary, and others a part rotary; whilst one, embodying a combination of both the perpendicular and the rotary movements will also probably be seen. Whichever of these two different types of engines—the sleeve-valve or the conventional poppet-valve—is destined to predominate ultimately, the continued attempts to popularise the former in one shape or another indicate that many manufacturers and designers do not regard the present type of motor-engine as permanently fixed.

The feature of the forthcoming Show, however, which is likely to prove the most interesting from the popular point of view will be the exhibition for the first time of a number of new British light cars which have been specially designed as a counterblast to the American "invasion." The makers of several of these elect for the present to withhold details, but the Belsize Company—first in the field, as on previous occasions, with new departures—make no secret of their programme in this direction. Their new car, nominally of 10-12 h.p. but actually developing something between 25 and 30 h.p. on the brake, will be one of the sensations of Olympia. In due course we hope to give details of its specification, which is of the most up-to-date description. It will be priced at 200 guineas, complete and ready for the road, and will thus directly challenge the American makers on their own ground—low price combined with adequate power. Mr. J. H. Adams, the well-known and popular manager of the Company for London and the South of England, informs the writer that the demand for the new car has already been extraordinary, and that it has been necessary to arrange for a big extension of the Clayton works to cope with the anticipated requirements. If other important British firms attack the problem of American competition in the same spirited way the "invasion" will rapidly assume a less formidable aspect.

Mr. Graham Gilmour, the British aviator who entered for the *Daily Mail* £10,000 prize, but was unfortunately disqualified on the eve of the contest, on account of an alleged breach of the Royal Aero Club's regulations, speaks very highly of the ease of control and speed qualities of the new "Bristol" monoplane, which he piloted on its first long cross-country flight last week. In spite of a mist, which was at times so dense as to completely obscure his vision, he flew from Amesbury to Bristol in exactly fifty minutes, alighting safely in a field at the back of the works of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, Limited, the makers of the machine. Allowing for the deviations caused by the mist and an inaccurate compass, he is estimated to have covered a distance of seventy to eighty miles, which represents a speed of about ninety miles an hour.

A highly important advance in the direction of minimising the risks associated with flying has apparently been made by the introduction of the double-engined "Short" biplane, which underwent its first trials on Monday last in the Isle of Sheppey. The feeling that one's safety depends absolutely upon the perfect working under all conditions of a single engine is sufficient to deter most people from gratifying any "aerial" aspirations they might have; but with two engines working quite independently, and each

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capable of maintaining the flight if the other should fail, the matter assumes a different aspect. The difference is analogous to that between cycling down a steep and dangerous hill with one brake and with two respectively. It is stated that the trial of the "Short" machine was quite successful, the machine flying both with the two engines half-throttled down and also with one engine working only.

Once again has the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce demonstrated its supreme excellence in engine flexibility, fuel economy, and speed. Messrs. Rolls-Royce recently entered one of these chassis, fitted with a four-seated touring-body for an R.A.C. trial on the road from London to Edinburgh and back, finishing with a speed-test at Brooklands, the object being to test its capabilities against those of the 65h.p. car, which, in a similar trial, was awarded the Dewar Trophy last year. The trial commenced on the 6th inst., and concluded on Wednesday, the 13th. The official certificate of performance has not yet been issued; but we are able to state that it resulted as follows:—Top gear was used throughout, not a single change being necessary on any occasion; the fuel consumption was 24.32 miles to the gallon, and a speed of over seventy-eight miles per hour was attained on the Brooklands track. Both in fuel economy and speed the Rolls-Royce surpassed the car which gained the Dewar Trophy under similar conditions, although the latter had an engine with a bore and stroke of 5in. by 5in. against the Rolls-Royce 4½in. by 4½in., and only weighed 4,928lb. against 5,257lb. This is a very extraordinary performance, and furnishes an interesting illustration of the continuous advances being made in Rolls-Royce design and construction.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVEN the most pessimistic bear on the Stock Exchange has made up his mind that the Morocco question is over. No one now talks about war. The two nations will probably continue to haggle for some weeks. But Germany has decided to give France a free hand which is a diplomatic euphemism for a protectorate, and France in return is to hand over to Germany a huge territory in the Congo. As Germany never had any foothold in Morocco at all she gets something for nothing, and she is hardly likely to quarrel with a nation that is so obliging.

Although every financial person is convinced that peace is assured, it is not so certain that the liquidation has completely ended. It was thought that last Friday had seen the last of the selling. But on Tuesday another big account was closed in Paris, and an attempt was made to close an account in Berlin. The latter did not come off, for the market was not strong enough to stand two big liquidations in one day, and the Berlin people consequently decided to wait for a more favourable moment. There is certainly no more selling to come from London. New York appears to have purged itself. If any further trouble occurs it will be at the end of the quarter, when there is always a stringency in Berlin. It is most unlikely that we shall have any further failures in London.

MONEY.—The raising of the German Bank-rate to 5 per cent. gave us very little anxiety, for it is well known that the Reichs Bank was in urgent need of gold. The end of the quarter always sees a huge increase in note circulation, and in order to keep this within reasonable limits the Reichs Bank must increase its stock of gold. Its loans and dis-

counts have been mounting up, and its gold has been decreasing. I did not think that we should have any serious trouble, but our own Bank-rate must be raised if we are to protect the gold supply of this nation. Leaving all political considerations out of the question, it is important for our credit that we should have a strong bank. Egypt will be asking for about six millions, and although the United States will probably be able to finance a large portion of its grain crop somebody will have to find the money for the cotton. There is talk of a Franco-British Syndicate doing this. But nothing has been settled yet. The terms mentioned are 6 per cent. The cotton bills of lading question is not settled. It is probable that the Americans are trying to render themselves independent of the banks; but who can be independent of a bank? If the Franco-British Syndicate agree to finance the cotton crop they will have to borrow money to do it, and it is doubtful whether the banks will be inclined to lend, especially as if they refuse Yankees will have to come to terms over the bills of lading point. But whoever lends the money, it will tend to make things tight in the autumn. We are likely to get a 4 per cent. Rate right through to the end of the year.

CONSOLS.—With dear money all round, Consols continue to go weaker. It seems incredible that our Chancellor of the Exchequer should refuse to support the Consol market. The credit of England does not of course depend on the price of Consols, but it is one factor that goes to make our credit, and with many people it is a sort of index number. It would be a perfectly simple operation to issue Consols to bearer in £5 bonds. It would aid thrift, and it would send up Consols to 85. It would of course affect the Post Office Savings Bank deposits, but you cannot eat your cake and have it too. At the present time, although the Post Office Savings Bank is a useful institution, it is a distinct source of danger from a financial point of view. It would be much better if the Government could borrow money from the masses and pay them interest and abandon its present method of holding the money at call. The notion of issuing cheque-books to Post Office depositors is mere moonshine.

FOREIGNERS.—The liquidation in Tintos still goes on, and as there is no hope of copper improving in value, there is no inducement for the Paris speculator to buy Tintos, and those rich people who always come into the Tinto market when it is low, and are satisfied with the minute yield given at to-day's prices, now find that they can do much better with their money. Foreign stocks generally, however, are extremely steady, for they are bought by investors for their yield, and not by speculators. The strength of the Foreign market during the past three months should have shown the world that the war scare was confined exclusively to the newspapers and the gamblers.

HOME RAILS.—The scare that has set in is really very discreditable to our courage, for even supposing that the leading railways only pay the same dividends as they paid last year, the yield on all our best stocks is ridiculously high, and the prices at which they stand in most cases lower than they should be. Great Easterns at the time of writing are quoted 64½, and in 1908, although the dividend for the year was only 2½, the lowest price touched was 61. In 1909, it is true, they went to 55, and now that an improvement has set in and the line doing better than it has ever done, everybody is anxious to get out. Great Western ordinary are back at the lowest price of 1909, with an increased dividend. London and North Westerns are only 3 points higher than the lowest price they have touched for ten years, and yet the dividend is everything that we could have hoped for. Midland deferred yield over 5 per cent. They have never been lower than 53½, and they have touched 76. North Easterns have been as high as 171½, and the lowest point they have ever reached was 123½. All these figures go to show how unreasonable is the speculator. It is quite possible that the strike has seriously affected the profits of most of our railways; but it is also unlikely that they have affected these profits so seriously as to jeopardise the chance of the dividend being reduced below that paid last year, and some of the railways will probably increase their distribution; it is too early yet to know exactly

how far the lines will recover the lost good traffic. Passenger traffic has certainly been good, but unfortunately passenger traffic is the least remunerative.

YANKEES.—The American banking houses evidently think that the fall has gone quite far enough, for they are now advising their clients to buy. This would seem to show that they have laid in as much stock as they think wise. Trade in the Eastern States appears to be dull, but Western farmers report good crops and Western traders appear filled with optimism. Everything is done in an extravagant fashion in the United States, and we might almost say overdone. It appears to me that the selling of American Railways has been overdone. The big bankers pretend to be harassed by the Government. A great deal of this worry is assumed for political purposes. The Trust decision has cost an infinite amount of trouble to the Standard Oil people. But it has not done worse than this. No doubt Standard Oil subsidiary companies have been selling out large quantities of stock partly with the idea of providing cash and partly in order to show the political people how foolish they were to dissolve the great combine. We shall see the same sort of thing happen when the American Tobacco Company dissolves. There is a general feeling throughout the States that the silly persecution of these Trusts has been overdone. The United States citizen considers that the high price of living is entirely due to the operation of these Trusts. But there are no Trusts in France, and none in Spain, and practically very few in England. Yet we all suffer equally with the States. A reaction is sure to come.

RUBBER.—The Mount Austin people, finding themselves rather short of money, have taken a bull course, and decided to double their capital. In order to secure the support of their shareholders they are purchasing three large estates. Mount Austin promises us a gigantic output in 1923. It is impossible to say whether the estates are cheap or dear, for we are not given data upon which to calculate. We are only told that the deal will reduce the capitalisation from £91 to under £50. The total acreage of the combined properties will be 10,936, and the number of trees nearly a million and a half. But about a million and a quarter of these are quite young, and will not be producing for some years. If Mount Austin can get the money it wants it will be lucky. The rubber market generally is flat.

OIL.—Mr. Tweedy wants money for his Maikop propositions, and is going to make an issue of debentures. I hope he will succeed, but Maikop is quite out of the fashion to-day, and we are all disillusioned with regard to the value of the field. I hear good reports, however, of Ural Caspian. Lobitos does not tell us anything about the boring of the new wells. It is said that they have struck good oil at depth, and it is also suggested that an experimental well which was put down some twelve miles away has turned out satisfactorily. It would be a good thing if the shareholders could receive some information. There is evidently some one buying the shares, and the lack of news is not calculated to keep the shareholders in a good temper. The financial position of Lobitos is fairly sound, for they have stringently written down the cost of the shallow wells.

KAFFIRS.—Last week the shops supported Kaffirs in the hope that they would frighten bears to buy back. But the support was not strong enough, and although the leading stocks were marked up, the raising of the German Bank Rate soon brought in some fresh selling. It is quite clear that the public will not speculate in mines, and although here and there some bold person, tempted by the heavy fall, buys a few shares, quite as many sellers appear as there are buyers. The Kaffir optimist declares that the leading shares are cheap to-day. But when we take into consideration the general tendency in Kaffirs to lower yield and higher working costs the return on the investment is none too high. Perhaps if the mines had ample labour and improved methods of drilling working costs might be reduced. The amalgamations also ought to save money. But it must be admitted that up to the present we have seen no signs of this, only a proof that a great many of the properties amalgamated were put into the combines in order to save a fiasco.

RHODESIANS.—The Mayo report will be out in a day or two, and will show that this company has now only about 12,000 Shamvas left. It has been paying big dividends through the sale of these shares, which it got at par. It still holds a big lot of Jumbos on which there must be a heavy loss. But it has increased its number of claims, and I think we can trust Mr. Rowsell to get rid of some of them at a profit. Sir Abe Bailey is taking his bride to South Africa, but whether he intends to lift the Rhodesia market I do not know. It is said that he has got out of all his mining shares and does not propose to get in again.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Cement report should soon be out. It looks very much as though it would not be up to expectations for the shares are weak. However, there might be a surprise in store for us here. I cannot see any advantage in buying Cement ordinaries, but the preference shares have always paid their dividend and seem to me a reasonable investment. The speculation in Marconis has died down, and there is now nothing to go for in the miscellaneous market.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THAT ILK"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—In your last number Mr. Frank Harris (who ought to know better) begins his article on Sir Richard Burton with "Raleigh, Sir Walter of that ilk." I wonder if he knows what he means, or if he thinks he means anything? The phrase "of that ilk" is a Scottish one, and means that a laird possessed lands of his own name—e.g., Wemyss of Wemyss, or of that ilk, Moncreiffe of Moncreiffe, Fotheringham of Fotheringham, &c. It was translated into Latin as *de eodem*. In England it is apparently now held to signify something else, but what I know not.

Very truly yours,

A. FRANCIS STEUART.

University Club, Edinburgh.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Universal Strike. (A Forecast of Twenty Years Ago, now in Course of Fulfilment.)* By William Oakhurst. Odhams Ltd. 6d. net.
- University Extension, Oxford Summer Meeting, 1911. Report of Proceedings.* Illustrated. Oxford Chronicle Co. 1s. net.
- Twentieth Century Cookery Book.* By W. M. Godbold. London Vegetarian Association. 1d.
- The Welshman's Reputation: A Reply to a Recent Satire on the Welsh entitled "The Perfidious Welshman."* By "An Englishman." Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- Short Plays for Small Stages.* By Cosmo Hamilton. Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

- A History of England for Schools. With Documents, Problems, and Exercises. Part II. (1603 A.D. to the Present Day.)* By M. W. Keatinge, M.A., and N. L. Frazer, M.A. With Maps and Plans. A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.
- Poucinet, Conte Findlandais.* By E. de Laboulaye. Adapted and Edited by P. Shaw Jeffrey, M.A. (Siepmann's Primary French Series.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.
- Bataille de Dames, ou Un Duel en Amour.* By E. Scribe and E. Legouvé. (Siepmann's French Series for Rapid Reading.) Macmillan and Co. 1s.

PERIODICALS

- The Papyrus; United Empire; La Revue; Book Prices Current; The Bookseller; La Grande Revue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The University Correspondent; The Idler; Constitution Papers; The Economic Journal; The Publishers' Circular; Mercure de France; The Literary Digest; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bodleian.*

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